THE FILE

THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Does Britain Need a Dictator?	*A. J. Cronin*
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Mahashavi (A Story)	*M. Y. Ben-gavriel*

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ESTABLISHED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844

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• About "Daring" to Publish The Truth . . .

Contrary to the impression created by a few of our contemporaries, there is no penalty attached to publishing the truth. One needs no special brand of courage; and when the streaming headlines blare forth the message that such and such a periodical at last "dares" to print the truth, one can hardly be blamed for assuming that its editors are suffering from a mild form of dementia praecox.

We, of **The Living Age,** have inherited from our predecessors a tradition of almost a century of printing the truth. And, though a century is a long time in the publishing business, we have never found printing the truth taxing to our bravery, or even to our popularity.

Within our editorial scope, which includes all phases of foreign affairs, and the social, political and economic life of peoples abroad, there is room for a great deal of bias and prejudice. Particularly at this time, when many of the great nations of the world are in the grip of mass hysterias of one kind or another, or engaged in bitter conflicts, within or without their borders, do the emotionally unstable elements of this country's population tend to become subjective rather than objective in their approach to the problems created by these phenomena.

Fortunately, these elements are but a small, if noisy, part of our population.

And for the rest of us, who make publishing the truth easy by desiring to know the truth, **The Living Age** continues to publish complete, accurate and unbiased reports of all major foreign trends and events.

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

ON THE rare occasions when the democracies 'stand up' to the dictators, we are accustomed to hear comments of exaggerated optimism from press, radio and platform. Normally, however, defeat and retreat have been the portion of the democracies, whose leaders seem to be hoping that the lightning of revolution, economic stress or miraculous conversion to peaceful ways will stay the hands of their tormentors. The Tory Government ruling Britain is also gambling for time, in the expectation that the dictators will become either 'soft' or reasonable. Not only is opinion divided about whom the time factor benefits, but the systems of Italy, Germany and militarist Japan show no signs of cracking whatsoever, nor is the faintest evidence of a change of heart visible in the actions and utterances of the *Führers*. It is obvious that whether Mr. Chamberlain recognizes the fact or not, Europe is divided into two camps, and the rescue of the democracies from their present peril must be found through self-help. In our first group, 'Prescripts for Ailing Democracy,' three well-known Englishmen diagnose the patient's case and offer three quite different prescriptions.

Dr. A. J. Cronin, author of *The Citadel*, gives an affirmative answer to the question, 'Does Britain Need a Dictator?' [p. 384]; the Right Honorable L. S. Amery, former Minister for the Dominions and Colonies, suggests 'Oligarchy,' or rule by a small 'inner Cabinet' in the interest of efficiency [p. 387]; and Sir Norman Angell believes that the 'Will to Coöperate' with the other democracies is imperative. [p. 390]

THE French monthly *Crapouillot* is known for its exhaustive and impartial researches on various subjects. Our article on 'The Legion of Honor' is an adaptation of its latest study, which shows that, like many other institutions which have been founded with exalted ideals, the Legion has become tarnished by abuses. M. Maurevert's account of these should be considered by Congress before any favorable action is taken on Representative Maverick's proposal that it establish an American Legion of Honor. [p. 394]

'VULTURES Over China,' the title given to the section dealing with the Far Eastern war, refers to those who are profiting from China's struggle for her life and to those who are arranging to fatten from her flesh when she falls. The first article, 'Robber Barons Fight for Spoils,' reveals how the Japanese magnates have intrigued against each other in carrying out their 'great mission' to make China safe for their respective investors. Each of them, of course, desires monopolistic rights in 'developing' the conquered territory. [p. 400] The second article, 'Drugging China,' is a first-hand account of the way in which Japan is cultivating the drug habit among the Northern Chinese. It is by Muriel Lester, an international expert on the drug traffic, who, on a previous visit, studied the situation in North China before the Japanese came in. [p. 405] Lastly, Walter Bosshard describes the war-time profiteering in 'Prosperous Hong Kong.' [p. 408]

MUCH has been written about the fateful Berchtesgaden interview between Hitler and Schuschnigg on February 12, yet most of it was speculation. The Nazis deliberately obscured the facts, while Schuschnigg, failing at the time to admit that he was being blackmailed, has been silenced. We have translated a detailed account of what happened, 'Ordeal at Berchtesgaden,' by the highly informed but anonymous Viator. [p. 412]

(*Continued on page 470*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

July, 1938 *Volume 354, Number 4462*

The World Over

ALL THE ELEMENTS which produced the recent war-scare in Central Europe are still present. 'Lulls' in the crisis can only be regarded with deep forebodings in view of Chancellor Hitler's technique of striking at the precise moment when everyone believes that the danger-point has passed. An agreement may, indeed, be reached between the Czechoslovaks and the Sudeten Germans, but no true compromise—one which preserves Czechoslovakia's integrity as a State while assuring a reasonable degree of autonomy to the minority—can be acceptable to the Führer, although he may acquiesce in it temporarily. By whatever means seem most expedient, whether direct attack, or economic pressure, or a Sudeten revolt, he will pursue his objective of suppressing Czechoslovak independence, for it is the last obstacle barring his way to a complete political and economic control of the lands lying eastward to the Black Sea. That aim may well be realized this Summer unless the Czechoslovaks are clearly assured of British support.

AN UNUSUAL BUT SIGNIFICANT VIEW of the Spanish Civil War is offered by the annual report of the great British Rio Tinto Company, whose copper mines, railways and piers have been in Insurgent hands since the summer of 1936. This concern, which suffered considerably from labor troubles prior to Franco's revolt, has been accused with some justice of employing its powerful influence at London in Franco's favor.

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Yet one may observe from the comments of Sir Auckland Geddes, Chairman of Rio Tinto, that the Company is concerned over both its present and its future, even under the assumption that the Insurgents will be victorious. He revealed, for example, that the Company has been forced to surrender its sterling to the Burgos Government, getting in return 42.45 pesetas for the pound, but that when sterling has to be bought to meet urgent requirements, it is necessary to pay 53.60 pesetas the pound. Sir Auckland said that 'the total of sterling and goods of sterling value delivered by us to the Franco Government from the outbreak of the civil war, for which the company has had to take pesetas or promises of pesetas, is in excess of £1,750,000—a colossal sum for this company.' This help was not 'given' to General Franco's cause, said the Chairman, since 'every pound we have "given" has been handed over by order of the authorities.'

General Franco, so the Chairman says, has tried to impose a kind of sanctions against certain countries which were hostile to him, thereby inflicting great loss on the company. 'The Franco Government,' he says, 'entertained the erroneous idea that it could compel the Governments of France and Czechoslovakia to modify their national policies by prohibiting the export of pyrites to them.' The prohibition did not have the expected effect because these and other countries went elsewhere for their supply of pyrites, and Spain will in the future have difficulty in regaining those markets.

We now quote the views of this ex-diplomat and business man on the prospects in Spain if Franco should win:—

> How will he organize the peace? The facile answer is to say: 'Spain will go totalitarian.' There is no doubt that the Phalango-Traditionalist program has many superficial resemblances to totalitarian principles. But there is a profound difference.
>
> The essence of the doctrine adopted by the totalitarians is the absolute importance of the State and the complete insignificance of the individual, who may do nothing, say nothing and, officially, think nothing contrary to the accepted ideology.
>
> The Phalango-Traditionalist doctrine, as officially promulgated, lays strong emphasis upon the unique importance and dignity of the individual and takes the practice of the Christian faith as the foundation of the future State. In short, the Phalango-Traditionalist doctrine breathes the individualism of the Spaniard. What will come if General Franco wins will be something new, something different, something Spanish.

It is in the hope that Spanish totalitarianism will be different from the German and Italian varieties that Rio Tinto carries on, enduring a degree of 'milking' from the Burgos régime that it never suffered from the Republic. One need not be a prophet to forecast that the 'milking' will have become such a habit that it will continue indefinitely after the conclusion of the civil war.

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FRENCHMEN MUST WORK longer hours if the nation is not to be completely outdistanced in the rearmament race with Germany and Italy. Army leaders have been anxious about the fall in the production of war materials ever since the 40-hour law was passed nearly two years ago; the more so when strikes further disrupted their plans. While Frenchmen in the armaments, airplane and munitions industries were, or were not, working their 40 hours, the working week in German war industries was as follows: in metallurgy, 48 hours; in machine shops, 51 hours; in navy yards, 46 hours; in chemical plants, 49 hours. The average time worked in the Italian industries was 48 hours.

Premier Daladier has thus far done nothing drastic to get more work out of his compatriots. He is dependent on the Socialists for support and seems to be fearful of the effects of reversing the Popular Front's legislation in favor of the workers too rapidly. He has decreed only seasonal extensions of the 40-hour week, to be compensated for at other times by a still shorter week, since his decree sets a maximum working year of 2,000 hours, that is to say, fifty weeks averaging 40 hours of work. With her tremendous adverse balance of trade, the threat of Italy in the Mediterranean, that of Germany to the north and east and the responsibility of her commitments in Central and Eastern Europe, France cannot afford to work 'part time.' This is beginning to be realized by the French Left and Daladier's cautious step is likely to be followed by the adoption of a compromise of a 44-hour week in the war industries, at least 'for the period of the national emergency.' Such an extension would be facilitated by a new war scare.

THE POSITION of the German worker is well known, but it has never, perhaps, been more bluntly stated than in the May Day issue of the *Angriff*, which is the organ of the German Labor Front. There follow some quotations from the editorial:—

> In our country men are worked till they sweat. In some industries overtime is a regular feature, without which they cannot function. When emerging from the factory gate in the evening a man feels in his body how much of his strength he has spent during the day.
>
> Strikes are a thing of the past. This old weapon of the class struggle has been smashed to pieces. . . . To give notice, to leave one's job and to move elsewhere, as the mood takes one, is prevented by the Four-Year Plan, which has restricted the freedom of movement. . . .
>
> The right of association exists no longer. Workers' representation is abolished.
>
> Wage scales are no longer negotiated, but are laid down. The heads of undertakings are once more complete masters, are prospering and yet need not increase wages.

Two of these points deserve comment: the first, because the Nazi leaders are shrewd enough to know that the man who toils fifty or more

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hours a week has left neither the energy nor the inclination to engage in agitation: and the last, from which one might infer that the 'heads of undertakings' are happy. This is far from being the case, according to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who finds that 'private business has been reduced to the handmaid of bureaucratic planning.' In answering the question: does Nazism pay its capitalist sponsors? this writer concludes:—

> An unbiased observer must come to the conclusion that to the bulk of German entrepreneurs and capitalists only one business function is left unimpaired—risk-bearing. And they do not even earn the net profits to compensate them for the burden of the present and the growing uncertainty as to the future. Even the low wage level has hardly made up for the increase in taxation, the export levy and the innumerable 'voluntary' contributions to Party and welfare organizations. The average rate of profits in 1936 was 5 per cent, compared with 6.5 per cent during the boom of 1928–29. There is a handful of big industrialists who, for the time being, enjoy vast monopoly profits. But where are they going to find a safe investment for them? If National Socialism enslaves labor and destroys capital, whom is it going to benefit?

GERMAN CARS ARE BEING DUMPED on the foreign markets in huge numbers and the United Kingdom, in particular, is feeling the effects of it, Mr. Oliver Stanley reported in the House of Commons recently. Despite official German denials, Opel cars and other cheaper brands are receiving large Government subsidies. This drive is only the first move in a gigantic Nazi effort to capture foreign markets by means of subsidized exports. Bicycles are said to be next on the program, and German exports are already gaining rapidly at the expense of British, particularly in such countries as Argentina, Brazil and Chile, where Nazi propaganda is as important as the subsidies in ousting Birmingham firms from the motor-car, motor-bicycle and bicycle markets.

France, too, is reacting strongly against the imports of foreign cars, but here the animosity is directed primarily against American-made cars. The propaganda campaign, which has been instigated and financed by French automobile manufacturers recently became so serious that the American Ambassador in Paris was compelled to make representations. Placards posted all over France show a French worker watching American cars being unloaded. He remarks: 'In buying an American car, you create unemployment among French workers.' Each buyer of an American car receives the following letter: 'We hope that you are enjoying your new car. But do you realize that on account of this purchase you have deprived two French families of their livelihood for an entire year?'

According to official statistics, however, France exported nine times as many cars as she imported in 1937.

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LIFE IN THE OSTMARK, as Austria is now called, is being purged of the Jews much more swiftly than was the case in Germany. The Nazis have only to apply the technique which has been perfected in the Reich proper. Some 200,000 Jews, as well as about 600,000 so-called non-Aryans (persons having one or two Jewish grandparents), have suddenly found themselves excluded from their professions and businesses, their lives completely uprooted, their children outcasts.

Since May 24th, when the notorious Nuremberg Racial Laws were promulgated in the Ostmark—six weeks after *Anschluss*—a multitude of the former Austrians have been frantically trying to discover the precise racial status of themselves and their children, for upon it depends their economic status as well. (A chart illustrating the provisions of the Nuremberg Laws will be found on p. 415 of this issue.) The Question-Box of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, for example, has been devoted almost entirely to answering inquiries of this kind. The following items are typical:—

> *Worried Mother:* Your children cannot become members of the Party; *Old Tagblatt Friend:* In our opinion you may not claim that your business is 'Under Aryan Management'; *Reader:* You must immediately inform the Party that you have one Jewish grandparent—the Party will then decide whether you may remain a member; *Klosterneuburg:* Write to the Ministry of Defense, which will be able to inform you about your grandfather's racial status; *Engineer:* According to German law, extra-marital relations between a Jew and a German of mixed blood who has one Jewish grandparent are punishable; *Vienna 81:* Your husband, as a Jew, may not call his firm 'Aryan'—you, as an Aryan, may wear a Swastika.

TAXATION is already high in Italy, but Il Duce's followers are going to have to make far greater sacrifices in the near future to pay for his armament program and foreign adventures. According to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, whose editor, Rudolf Kircher, has been mysteriously demoted to the position of correspondent in Rome, Italy will demand 35 per cent more revenue from direct taxation and 32 per cent more from indirect taxation in 1938–39 than was obtained in the previous year.

In London it is believed that before long it will be imperative to reduce 'internal' expenditure and that if Mussolini refuses to restrict the amounts spent on war-preparations and war-making, the cut will probably be sought in the debt service. Here, the alternatives are compulsory conversions and currency depreciation, as the recent French devaluation is beginning to have a serious effect on Italy's export trade. Not to be overlooked, however, is the possibility of a credit guaranteed by the British Government, for it is still suspected that Lord Perth gave verbal promises of such help to Mussolini during the Anglo-Italian Pact negotiations.

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AS A RESULT OF THE RECENT ELECTION, South Africa can be expected to continue along the path of moderate nationalism which has been followed since 1933. The verdict of the electorate, which gave an absolute majority in the House of Assembly to the Government (Unionist) Party, was really a vote of confidence in the leadership of Mr. Hertzog and Mr. Smuts. Temporarily, at any rate, the racist question between Boer and Briton is to be buried, and we say 'temporarily' advisedly, because Dr. Malan's Afrikander Nationalists are sure to be unhappy over the vagaries of the election system, which gave them only 27 seats against the Unionists' 111, although they received more than half as many votes as their opponents. It is to be feared that the native populations will fare about as badly under continued Unionist control as under the Nationalists.

NEW ZEALAND'S LABOUR GOVERNMENT, since it came to power, has balanced its two budgets and has reduced the public debt by $21,000,000 despite an increase in the expenditure on education, pensions, health and public works of $25,000,000. Last year there was a budget surplus of $4,000,000. According to the 'Annual Commercial and Financial Review,' of the London *Times*, 'prosperity exceeding that of any other year since 1929 was enjoyed by New Zealand in the past year.' And the *Times's* report on profits earned by 150 representative companies show that there has been an increase of 14 per cent since the Labour Government took charge.

Nevertheless, there has recently been a whispering campaign against the stability of New Zealand in the financial district of London, which has resulted in a drop in New Zealand securities. Behind this propaganda, for it may be called that, is the opposition of New Zealand financial interests and their London associates to the Government's new pension plan. Although it may be quite justifiable to attempt to keep New Zealand Labour from proceeding too rapidly in its reforms—the weakness of most Socialist governments—such efforts ought to be made openly and not by spreading false rumors about there being a lack of confidence in New Zealand's stability.

IN PRINCIPLE, the International Convention Concerning the Use of Broadcasting in the Cause of Peace appears to be admirable and worthy of the support of all peace-loving nations. In practice, however, it is only a method by which censorship on comment on international affairs sneaks in through the back door, for each signatory Power must censor the scripts of its broadcasters to eliminate any unfavorable comment on the policies of the other signatories. Nine nations have already signed this pact, including Great Britain, France, Norway, Denmark, Luxem-

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burg, Brazil, India, Australia and New Zealand. Germany, Italy, Japan and the United States have thus far refused to sign.

Naturally, some one must wield the censor's blue pencil, and in the democracies which have adhered to the pact, this function has been given to the Postmaster General's Department, to be performed by persons without special qualifications as political censors. How the system works is illustrated by the fact that when Judge Foster, President of the Australian League of Nations Union and of the Dominion's International Peace Council, was to deliver an address recently on 'Freedom of Speech,' he found that three-quarters of his script had been cut. He was advised to rewrite his address and conceal some of his meanings. Comment on domestic affairs unfavorable to the present Government, as well as that on foreign affairs, was blue-penciled. Australian censorship is, in fact, being imposed on radio, platform and press to an extent that is probably unequaled outside of the totalitarian States. The official banning of 'attacks on parties and persons' does not seem to apply to attacks on the Opposition parties and their leaders. Control has been assumed even over books and films—the sale of Aldous Huxley's *Eyeless in Gaza* was prohibited and the screen version of Remarque's *The Road Back* was drastically cut. Australian editors and broadcasting stations are reported to be marshaling resistance against the Lyons Government's censorship.

The United States should remain outside of the high-sounding convention on broadcasting. Certainly nothing should be done which might hamper the educational work of our popular radio news interpreters, thanks to whom we believe American listeners to be the best informed in the world about international affairs. Once political censorship gains a foothold, even in a limited field, it is sure to become the fungus-like growth suffered by Australia.

ON JULY 6TH, an international conference to seek a solution to the acute refugee problem will meet at the luxurious French spa of Evian. Can we expect that anything constructive will be accomplished at this gathering? In theory, countries like Great Britain, the United States and France are willing to offer havens to the refugees; but in practice, the refugees are required to show possession of funds, the assurance of jobs, or a written guarantee that someone will care for them. What, then, will happen to the hundreds of thousands who have been deprived of all their property, are living from hand to mouth, or have no relatives or friends abroad? Refusing them practical help is condemning them to certain death. Despite the noblest intentions, each country seems to expect the other to make all sacrifices.

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Three eminent Englishmen offer to cure democracy's palsy in dealing with the efficient and determined dictators.

Prescripts *for* Ailing Democracy

I. Dictatorship

By A. J. Cronin

From the *Sunday Chronicle*, London Independent Weekly

DO WE need a dictator? Only a few short years ago, at the beginning of the century, anyone asking this question might readily have been adjudged insane and suitably confined in a lunatic asylum. Dictatorship was then vaguely associated by the man in the street with a ruthless and transitory rule usually to be found in the Latin-American States. Democracy was—well—in Lincoln's sober phrase: 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people.' The two were immutable, irreconcilable, at opposite poles of the earth, and never, never by the most incredible eventuality could they meet.

To my mind the incredible has happened. Democracy has run into dictatorship, not in the street of chance, but in the street of grim necessity. They are, in fact, rubbing shoulders together. And unless democracy rubs something off dictatorship, something which sticks, it will be a bad look-out for the human commonweal.

Why should this be so? In the first place it must be realized that our old conception of dictatorship has altered. No longer can we dismiss it as something to make a Roman holiday or a Paraguayan revolution. In Germany and in Italy we are confronted by the two supreme examples of dictatorial administration.

Heaven knows I hold no brief for Hitler or for Mussolini. There are dark places in the history of each, records of ruthless and arbitrary action which fill the normal breast with a sense of passionate indignation. But at the same time we must admit, in fairness, that there is in the achievements of both these men much to respect and admire.

During these past twelve months I have traveled extensively in Germany. I have intimately studied its cities, towns, villages and people. I have, with all the intuition of a stranger, sensed the temper, the spirit of the new Germany.

Only one conclusion is possible. Whatever else you may think of Hit-

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ler, there is no doubt but that he has achieved a miracle of regeneration. In Germany today, Hitler gets things done. And the people idolize him.

As I drove along one of the great new concrete motor roads—thinking wistfully of a certain English by-pass which has been 'in course of construction' for two long and weary years—as I watched the youth of Germany getting into the open air, sun-bathing, developing their bodies with athletics, enjoying the cheap 'staggered' holidays with which their leader has revolutionized industrial Germany, I could not help thinking of the marvelous efficiency of mind and body, the gaiety, the will to achievement which this much-decried system of dictatorship has produced.

And it is this efficiency, this hero-worship, this inflexible will and united national purpose that the democracies are now called upon to face. How, we may well ask ourselves, are we attempting to face it, indeed, to compete against it?

Recently in France we had the spectacle, which was hardly edifying, of the attempt of a democracy to form a government. Amidst a babble of disunity, a bedlam of Right, Left and Center, one miserable Cabinet succeeded another. If it had not been so shocking it would have been ludicrous, for while this was going on France was rent and paralyzed by a series of stay-in strikes in its most vital metallurgical industries. How Hitler must have smiled at this democratic débâcle! And when the French Government was formed and a sigh of relief went up, not only from France but from all the other democratic countries in the world, what was the reason for this general jubilation? It was because a strong man had taken possession of the Cabinet, because Daladier, adequately termed the 'Bull of Bayonne,' had gathered the reins of power into his own capable hands. It was, in short, because democracy had taken on, to say the least of it, the semblance of dictatorship.

Now let us turn to our own country. With that apathy, that spirit of 'don't careness' which is our worst characteristic, we have been drifting in these last few years, losing our supremacy in the world of sport, of business, of international affairs.

But now at last we have come to realize that a state of emergency exists. How has democracy risen to the crisis? When Inskip called together the trade union leaders, explaining to them the gravity of the situation and pleading ponderously for their co-operation, how did they reply?

They replied in effect: 'That's all very well, but what the hell are you going to do for us? And what are the arms for in any case?'

Oh, admirable, most admirable independence of democracy! But can you imagine Mr. Hitler being answered back like that?

II

Satire will not meet the question. I am in deadly earnest. Only the other day, lunching with a prominent M.P. I asked him how our rearmament was progressing. His answer was to throw up his hands and reply in pessimistic accents that he simply did not know.

I was, in fact, in a position to give *him* some information. I had heard, on authority which I am prepared to vouch for, that 80 per cent of the material which a well-known airplane

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factory was turning out was proving to be scrap owing to the absence of adequately-skilled men.

The rumors we all heard about the muddle in the airplane situation were only too amply and too sadly confirmed by the fact that a delegation has departed for the United States for the purpose of buying war planes. Great Britain, home of craftsmanship and pride of engineers, goes to America to pay for a finished article!

At the same luncheon table to which I have already referred sat a noble lord who has achieved his title and position through real merit. He spoke of the Air Raid Precautions muddle. The response to Sir Samuel Hoare's broadcast appeal has in most districts been lamentable. There is talk of instituting another drive. They have gone the length of asking ministers of the Gospel to preach the vital necessity of raid precautions from the pulpit. But one man could have done this from one pulpit: the pulpit of dictatorship.

And what of recruitment? We know the strength of the Continental armies. And we know, or, at least, I assume we know, the miserable inferiority of our own. We are told to pin our faith on democracy, that the voluntary system will win through in spite of everything. We are spoon-fed to the effect that Britain in her crisis will be served enthusiastically by British youth. But where are the figures? Where are the facts?

We pick up a paper and read in a small paragraph that the number of recruits in Aberdeen for the month of March was 5 per cent more than in the corresponding month in 1937, when there had been a record of 127. This is not another jest against the Aberdonians. Mussolini has an army of six million men.

Again I repeat that it is no laughing matter. We are told in our history books that our parliamentary system is the finest in the world, that because it has survived so many centuries it must, indeed, be preëminently the best. But now I venture to suggest that times have changed, that the race is now very definitely to the swift. I even suggest that our parliamentary system might be out-moded.

It was not our British Parliament which won the Great War. The British Parliament, led by Mr. Asquith, was slowly doddering along in the policy of 'wait and see,' and was, in fact, equably and amicably losing the war, when one man, Lloyd George, had strength and courage enough to come forward and assume a mantle which was in all essentials the mantle of a dictator. Here, if you like, was the dictator saving democracy.

In another great democracy which is now undergoing a period of national emergency we have a corresponding symptom of the times. President Roosevelt, for all his denials and his fireside talks, is a dictator. That he is a rank bad one, that Mrs. Roosevelt, with her strong-minded and emphatic personality, would be an infinitely better one makes no difference to my argument.

I am convinced that Roosevelt will fail completely because he listens to everybody, just as I am assured that Hitler succeeded because he listened to no one. Nevertheless, the fact remains that America has been prepared to submit to a man who has been called the 'awful demagogue.'

I am no war monger. Two years ago I was as much a pacifist as the rest,

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but I came to realize that it was no use lying down like a lamb when the European sheep fold was full of wolves. Thanks to the appalling fiasco of our late foreign policy I am now firmly convinced that our only hope of a European peace is a Britain both strong and prepared.

Equally, I still believe in the principles of democracy, but I am positive that the time has come when such democratic principles should be mobilized and enforced by a more active and powerful unit than our parliamentary system.

I am not crying for a pocket Cæsar. I am merely enumerating the benefits to be achieved through unimpaired, rapid and direct action by a man of age, experience, integrity and goodwill. Have we such a man? That is a question which the future will decide.

II. Oligarchy

By The Right Honorable L. S. Amery, M.P.

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

TWENTY years ago the world was declared to have been made safe for democracy. Today, democracy is everywhere on the defensive. We have seen it scrapped, in one country after another, for some form of autocratic or totalitarian government.

Of the great nations that live exposed to the stress and urgency of international economic and political pressures only two, France and ourselves, still cling to their democratic parliamentary constitutions. The question that is being asked, with increasing insistence, by many serious and patriotic citizens in both countries is: how long can we afford to do so?

Day by day the man in the street is confronted with some new evidence of the power, the consistent forethought and the swift execution of the autocratic States, and contrasts it with the irresolution, hesitation and obvious afterthought of democratic policy. Nor is it only in the field of military preparation and foreign policy that the autocracies seem to assert their superiority.

In the field of economic and social organization, of providing employment, of dealing with problems of health and of family life, of the provision of recreation for the working masses, the boldness and success of their measures have made a deep impression even on those who most heartily detest the means by which their results are obtained and the purposes which their policy subserves. If we are to hold our own with them, in peace or war, must we, in the end, be driven to follow their example? I would unhesitatingly answer: No!

Democracy and parliamentary government have not failed. They have sources of innate vitality and elasticity that, *given time*, should enable them to win through both in peace and in war. If they fail, it is not because they are, in principle, unsuited to the conditions of the modern world, but because of defects in their machinery which need correction and bringing up-to-date. What those defects are in French parliamentarism I need not discuss here. The problem is one whose

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urgency must soon compel France to find her own solution. What concerns us are the defects in our own constitutional structure.

There is room, no doubt, for some improvement in our representative and parliamentary system and in the procedure of the House of Commons. But the real weakness is not there. The House of Commons is, on the whole, an efficient body for its main purpose of supporting and criticizing the administrative and legislative work of the Government and of maintaining contact between the Government and public opinion. All it needs is to feel that it is being effectively led in the execution of a definite, coherent policy.

II

The weakness lies in the central instrument of Government—the Cabinet. It is not a weakness due to lack of individual ability on the part of Ministers. Least of all is it due to lack of administrative capacity or grasp of policy on the part of the Prime Minister himself. The effect of his personality, not merely on foreign policy, but on the whole machine of government, has been most marked since he took charge.

For all that, it is my profound conviction, based on a good many years of practical experience, that the nineteenth-century Cabinet system is no longer capable, even in Mr. Chamberlain's hands, of coping with the immensely complex and urgent problems of today. In days when the pressure of departmental and parliamentary work on Ministers was only a fraction of what it is now, and when national and international issues were infinitely simpler and the whole course of events more leisurely, it was possible for Ministers, meeting round the Cabinet table, to find time both to adjust departmental differences and to arrive at such a measure of common policy as the situation might demand. Those days are gone.

I do not believe that it is possible in the stress and complexity of the present-day situation, and in competition with men of the ability and boldness of the leaders of the Continental autocracies, to carry on the affairs of a great nation by weekly meetings between a score and more of overworked departmental chiefs. At such meetings the main preoccupation of most of those present is to secure Cabinet sanction for their own departmental proposals, and to get through an agenda in which the competition of departments for a place is varied by the incursion of some urgent telegram from abroad, or of sudden questions in the House of Commons raising issues of policy for which answers must be improvised.

The fact is that the original function of the Cabinet as a small body of like-minded men meeting to discuss general policy has become more and more lost with the growth of Cabinets and the enormous increase in departmental work.

The ordinary Cabinet of today is really a standing conference of departmental chiefs, where departmental policies come up to be submitted to a cursory criticism, as a result of which they may be accepted, adjusted to the competing policies of other departments, or merely blocked. The general tendency, where there are differences, as there usually are, is to postpone, to whittle down, to let the negative prevail over the positive.

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The whole system is one which affords no opportunity for the coherent planning of policy as a whole or for its bold and determined execution. To say that this is the task of the Prime Minister, aided by such of his colleagues as he may call to his innermost councils, is to overlook the extent to which both Prime Minister and colleagues are snowed under by current routine duties.

It is a commonplace of scientific organization, long since recognized in all the fighting services, that the planning of policy for the future can only be effectively carried out if those responsible for it are free from the day-by-day tasks of administration. The failure to recognize this principle—the general staff principle—is the real weakness of our present Cabinet system, and makes it incapable of dealing effectively with any serious situation where clear thinking on difficult and complex issues, definite decisions (not formulæ of agreement), and swift, resolute and consistent action are required.

It was Mr. Lloyd George's great achievement in the War that he faced this inherent weakness of the departmental Cabinet system, and boldly set up a War Cabinet of half a dozen Ministers without departments, leaving the departmental Ministers outside the Cabinet as such, and only called in when their own particular subjects were under discussion.

III

As one who has sat for some six years in ordinary Cabinets, but who was also privileged to attend, as one of its secretaries, most of the meetings of the War Cabinet in 1917 and 1918, I can say without hesitation that there is no comparison between the two systems in efficiency, grasp of the problems to be dealt with, or driving power, and that Mr. Lloyd George's innovation played a substantial part in winning the war.

The strength of the system of a small Cabinet of non-departmental Policy Ministers lies, first and foremost, in the fact that they have the time to meet, daily if need be, and really discuss general policy and discuss it ahead of events. But it also lies in the fact that the Prime Minister's burden is lightened by the assistance of a small handful of colleagues, who not only help in framing policy, but in transmitting it to the whole machinery of government.

In the sphere of war nobody would dream of expecting a commander to handle directly more than at most half a dozen subordinates. Who ever heard of a colonel commanding twenty companies, or of a division of twenty brigades? Why should it be otherwise in the sphere of politics? Why should we expect a Prime Minister to succeed under conditions which would be regarded as inevitably spelling failure for a Commander-in-Chief?

I shall be told that such a system was only possible in war, and that in peace the departmental Ministers who now sit in Cabinet would not put up with their supersession by a handful of Policy Ministers. Is our present urgency really so remote from war conditions as all that?

We are spending on a war scale in a tremendous effort to equip the nation for dangers that we may have to face at any moment. Our emergency measures cover, as they did during the war, almost every aspect of our na-

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tional life. They concern not only the recruiting of men and the making of munitions, but every conceivable aspect of industry, of food-production and storage, of transport, of the utilization of the services of every man and woman. And if we are calling upon working men to waive trade union restrictions in the interests of national production, is it too much to ask Ministers to waive some of their customary privileges?

But we have plenty of urgent problems of peace, as well as problems of war, confronting us. I believe there is no measure that Mr. Chamberlain, with his courage and power of decision, could undertake that would more facilitate his own almost superhuman task, and make the nation feel that its problems were being faced in a really bold and big spirit, than the application, in some form or other, of that principle of Cabinet reform which Mr. Lloyd George introduced with such marked success in the War.

III. Will to Coöperate

By Sir Norman Angell

From *Reynolds News*, London Coöperative Weekly

You know the argument:—

Because the League is no longer universal, because four of the Great Powers of the world are outside it, three of them opposing it, it is no longer powerful enough to resist aggression;

Sanctions are bound to be ineffective;

Any attempt to work it would mean splitting Europe into two armed camps, pitting one armed alliance against another—the Haves against the Have Nots.

So BE it. Let us suppose it is all true. It is not true, but assume it is. What policy do those who use this argument, particularly the supporters of Mr. Chamberlain, propose as an alternative? What policy are they following?

The League, they say, would produce two armed camps, two armed ideologies. Do they then propose to have one armed camp in Europe, that of the States outside the League? They do not, for Mr. Chamberlain's Government and Party and supporters clamantly demand ever more and more arms in order to oppose some other armed camp. Which camp?

When the Government demands such feverish war preparations, arming on a scale never before known in peace time; when it demands the immediate organization of elaborate Air Raid Precautions on the ground that any day we might have to face the bombing of London, by whom, do they assume, the bombs will be dropped? By the French? The Dutch? The Danes? The Swedes? The Swiss?

Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters, the whole country, the whole world knows that those bombs against which we are taking such elaborate and immensely expensive precautions will be German bombs; German or none. Unless, indeed, we envisage the sinister possibility that Mr. Chamberlain's supporters anticipate having to join the totalitarian States in the suppression of a French 'Bolshevist' Government, as they have, in fact,

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joined the Italian Government in its war upon what Hitler and Mussolini have pronounced to be a 'Bolshevist' Spanish Government.

But, for the moment, we may rule that out. We are in formal alliance with France, and France with Russia and Czechoslovakia, against a menace which cannot possibly be anything but a German menace. We thus create our own armed camp, with emphasis on the arms, as against the other armed camp, which happens to be composed of the totalitarian States that have left the League.

So we do not avoid the fact or the danger of 'two armed camps,' two rival armed alliances, by renouncing the League or putting it in cold storage.

We are to deal with the danger—inherent in the fact that the three great military States outside the League, Germany, Italy and Japan, have combined—not by giving up arms, not by giving up alliances, but only by giving up the League, on the assumption, presumably, that our armed alliance will be more effective in preserving peace if it is of the pre-League, 1914 type, than if it is the nucleus of a League of Nations.

The principle of any 'League' combination is that it offers its membership, on terms of equality, freely to those against whom it defends itself; that it says: 'If you will agree to peaceful settlement of disputes and refrain from violence, we will guarantee you against unprovoked aggression as we guarantee the existing members.' There is equality of right.

The 1914 type of alliance means a combination of States designed to pursue their own interests as against the conflicting interests of another combination, both sides basing their policy largely upon the spoliation of third parties. We 'bought' the alliance of Italy in 1914 by the bribes embodied in the secret treaties.

If we succeed once more in detaching Italy from Germany, we make an enemy of the latter, unless we can 'square' Germany by conniving at aggression against Russia, in which case we make an enemy of Russia. The only alternative to this futility is the common defense of a constitution under which all have equal rights to protection against aggression.

II

The failure of that method has been due, not to the lack of potential power, but to lack of will to uphold it. It was, for instance, argued commonly in 1935 that our force was inadequate to prevent the aggression of Mussolini.

Mussolini did not believe it. He said he wanted Colonies—for emigration, raw material. About the worst he could have chosen for such purposes was Ethiopia; some of the best were in British hands.

Why did he not take the best? Because he knew that if he touched British territory, Britain would soon show she had power to defend it. Had Italian troops landed in Kenya or Malta we should not have discussed for six months as to whether the oil sanction ought to be applied.

We know that if Ethiopia had been British territory, Mussolini would not have invaded it: existing force would have been adequate in that case to render it secure without war. Why was not force of many States then adequate? If one State could have defended Ethiopia without war, why

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was the force of forty inadequate?

Put brutally, the difference is explained by the fact that we, like other Great Powers, think our territory is worth fighting for, and that the Covenant, the Law, is not. So long as that is the case, our combined power, however great, will never be adequate to secure peace.

In 1931, when the disintegration of the League began, Mr. Stimson, Hoover's Secretary of State, offered to coöperate with us in resisting—at least, diplomatically—the aggression of Japan. Sir John Simon declined the offer and defended Japan's action.

At that time the nations interested in opposing Japan included the United States, China, Russia, Australia, New Zealand and Canada; Japan did not yet have either Germany or Italy as allies (Hitlerite Germany had not yet come into being). Is it suggested that the preponderance of potential power was with the aggressor?

Is it suggested that if, in 1931, we had accepted the American proposal and given aid to China, and withheld aid from Japan, Japan would thereupon have declared war upon Britain, America, Russia and a few other States of the League as well? That if we had really made the oil embargo effective, Mussolini would have declared war upon Britain, France, and Russia? That insistence upon Spain's normal right to buy arms would have caused Italy and Germany to declare war upon Britain, France and Russia?

Then those countries would have stood upon the defensive. Which brings us to a first main consideration in estimating the relative weight of forces, and that is the immense advantage possessed in modern warfare by the defense.

Military authorities—of whom Captain Liddell Hart is one—have estimated that for the attack to succeed it must outweigh the defense in material and men by something like three to one, and that even in the air, the defense, in cases where there is equality of equipment, will have the advantage.

Figures taken by themselves do not mean much. Yet we might recall such facts as that the naval forces of the chief League Powers are considerably more than double those of the three totalitarian non-League States, and the combined populations and industrial resources of the former many times greater than those of the latter.

We commonly think of the United States as being so powerful by reason of its resources as to be invulnerable, and argue, sometimes, that her absence from the League makes it impotent. But Russia alone has a much greater population, with resources probably as great, and beginning to be industrialized on the American scale.

Imagine that you had a United States composed of Russia, China, France, the British Empire, their armies, navies, air forces, industrial and agricultural resources making a unit. Compared with the material and human resources of such a Power, how would the Fascist combination appear when we recall that it would be composed of a Japan already feeling the pinch of exhaustion in its Chinese entanglement, of an Italy already in economic straits and feeling the pinch of a still unconquered Ethiopia and an extremely unpopular Spanish war; and a Germany already short even of elementary foodstuffs?

If Russia is in a position to concentrate her whole power upon Ger-

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many—is freed, that is, of serious danger from Japan—then, for the reasons indicated, Germany is placed in a militarily hazardous situation, which she will not lightly provoke.

The way, therefore, to offset the power of Germany for aggression is to aid China in her resistance to Japan (a resistance which, despite setbacks, seems certain in the long run now to be successful), which could be done by the extension of credit to China for the purchase of motor trucks, tractors, machinery, cement, an operation incidentally relieving unemployment at home.

The way to defend Czechoslovakia is to see that the Spanish Government gets the materials for its defense, so that the strategic position of France is not worsened and that of the totalitarian States not improved.

The security, not alone of peace, but of democracy, is indivisible. To defend it in China, or in Spain, or in France, is to defend it here. To be indifferent to its fate there is, in the end, to betray it here.

Spelling Reform

Strolling one evening down Pall Mall
I met a man who cried: 'Wall! Wall!
Since last we met what years it semyss!
Don't you remember Cholmondeley-Wemyss?'
I stared at him a trifle glolmondeley.
I could not place this Mr. Cholmondeley.
But he, to put me at my aius,
Added: 'We both were up at Caius.'
Being an Oxford man, from Magdalen,
I wished he wouldn't keep me dagdalen',
Nor was I less disposed to chalph
At his request to call him Ralph.
Said he: 'My tradesmen press undeaulieu,
Though I own vast estates near Beaulieu.'
Alas, he followed me to Chiswick,
Complaining that he needed phiswick,
And how it made his poor old montefract—
Wife of a clergyman at Pontefract.
He whined: 'I've hunted with the Belvoir,
Shot pheasants over a retrelvoir.
Have you the heart to let me deigh
Penniless in a slum in Leigh?'
I bade him talk to my solirencester,
Head of a well-known firm in Cirencester,
Who soon discovered that his kythe
The homely surname bore of Smythe.

—*Truth*, London

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France's Legion of Honor is composed mostly of deserving men; but it is large and includes many who are neither brave nor honorable.

The Legion *of* Honor

By GEORGES MAUREVERT

Adapted from *Crapouillot*
Paris Topical Monthly

INCONSISTENT France—the land where both the *Marseillaise* and the *Internationale* were born; where the king was guillotined in the name of the Republic, which was ten years later to be abolished by one of the most absolute dictators in all history; and where the Legion of Honor, once the reward of the brave and the brilliant, has become accessible to anyone who has the price. As André Gide has said, 'it is impossible to imagine a Frenchman reaching middle age without getting syphilis and the Cross of the Legion of Honor.' So avid have been Frenchmen for the red ribbon, that the three Republics in a space of seventy years have issued twelve times as many decorations as Royal France did in five centuries.

The Legion of Honor was established by the law of 29 Floréal, Year X, or rather, on May 19, 1802. Its founder, Napoleon, who was at that time the First Consul, intended it to replace the ancient nobility, which had been abolished by the Revolution. The measure encountered a great deal of opposition. General Moreau declared that the Army was the Legion of Honor and forthwith sardonically decorated his *chef* for an excellent meal. Carnot wrote pointedly on the difference between *honor* and *decorations*. Madame de Stael made a great topic of it in her salon in the Hôtel de Salm, which was later to become the headquarters of the Legion.

With his usual shrewdness and knowledge of what is perhaps a baser side of human nature, Napoleon stated bluntly that although the decorations might be mere baubles, it is precisely with such baubles that men are led. It was clear that he intended to create a new nobility. For example, the ordinary members of the Legion of Honor were called Cavaliers, or Knights, and honors rose, rank by rank, in hierarchic fashion. At first

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there was even a possibility of inheriting the titles. Napoleon was careful not to limit its membership to soldiers. Among the 6,512 men originally decorated in 1804 were such eminent civilians as the scientists Lagrange and Laplace, the mineralogist Hauy, the painter David and the sculptor Houdon. And the first Grand Chancellor was Count de Lacépède, the great naturalist.

The organization of the Legion of Honor has remained almost intact since the time of Napoleon. The fifteen Cohorts which he established—one for each of his Marshals—were ultimately abolished, but the hierarchy has remained the same. The lowest rank is that of the Cavalier, who wears his cross in his left lapel. Next comes the Officer, whose Cross is surmounted by a rosette. Above him are the Commander, who wears the Cross and his cravat; the Grand Officer, who wears a plaque; and the Grand Cross, who wears, besides the plaque, a wide red sash with a Cross which is appreciably larger than the ordinary one. The pension which accompanies the decoration, and which benefits only the military members, now amounts to 3,000 francs for Grand Crosses, 2,000 for Grand Officers, 1,000 for Commanders, 500 for Officers and 250 for Cavaliers. Civilian members may wear only ribbons and rosettes, with silver and gold barettes added for the higher ranks.

The Grand Council of the Legion is composed of the Grand Chancellor and ten members chosen from the higher ranks. The duties of the Council are mostly administrative and disciplinary. The President of the Republic automatically becomes the Grand Master and is presented for his induction with the *grand collier*, a bejeweled chain collar of sixteen enameled medallions that Napoleon himself wore at his coronation.

The history of France since the Revolution might be traced by following the changes in the central design of the Cross—which is really a star of five double rays—and in the oath taken by the Legionnaires at their induction. The portrait of Napoleon, first as Consul, and later as the Emperor, was replaced after the Restoration by that of Henry of Navarre, but it was reinstated during the One Hundred Days. When the Republic was proclaimed in 1848, Napoleon's portrait as First Consul came back, to be replaced by that of Napoleon as Emperor under his grandnephew, Napoleon III. The last version, adopted after the fall of that intrepid adventurer, is the symbolic figure of *la République*. The oath was changed even oftener. Between 1804 and 1870, Legionnaires swore loyalty successively to a Republic, an Emperor, a King, an Emperor, a King, a usurper, a new Republic and a new Emperor. The Third Republic abolished the oath altogether.

II

In 1804, the Legionnaires numbered 6,512. By 1936, the roster had grown to 910,000. It is reasonable to suppose that the esteem in which the Legion is held has declined considerably as its membership increased, and a growing number of men have declined the decoration. Among those who refused it, even when it was more or less exclusive, were Lafayette and Rochambeau, who thereby found a way to snub Napoleon, the destroyer of the

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Republic. Later the list grew quite impressive; there were periods when it seemed as though all the best people declined to be decorated. The composer Berlioz did so under somewhat curious circumstances. In 1836, the Minister of the Interior commissioned him to compose a requiem. When he presented himself for the payment, he was offered in its place the Legion of Honor. 'To hell with your Legion of Honor,' said the realistic musician. 'I want my money.'

George Sand wrote in 1873 to a Minister who offered to put her down as a candidate for the honor: 'Don't do it, my dear friend. You will make me ridiculous. Can you imagine me with a red ribbon across my stomach? Why, I would look like an old *cantinière*.'

Guy de Maupassant also refused to be decorated because he took exception to the hierarchy, the system which served to make a great artist, or scientist, or a war hero, who would be given only a Cavalier's Cross, inferior to some shopkeeper, who, through pulling wires, had been able to obtain for himself a rosette, or even a cravat.

Both Degas and Monet rejected the flattering offer. Others in that honorable category have been the composer Ravel, Maître Labori, who distinguished himself in the Dreyfus case, Mallarmé, de la Fouchardière and André Gide.

The attitude of those who let themselves be decorated was not too respectful. There is the story about Henri Murger, the author of *La Vie de Bohême*. One day, when he was staying in the country, he had very poor luck in his favorite sport of catching frogs. In exasperation, he removed the red ribbon from his lapel and hung it on his hook, saying: 'Now they are sure to bite. This is something that everybody likes.'

III

The procedure in selecting new members of the Legion is as follows: Twice a year, each Minister in the Cabinet is entitled to submit a list with the names of his candidates to the Grand Chancellor. Each department may offer a specified number of candidates to fill the vacancies for Cavalier, Officer, Commander, etc. The War Ministry has an annual quota of 1,000 Cavaliers, 329 Officers, 77 Commanders and 15 Grand Officers. The Foreign Office has only 140 Cavaliers, 30 Officers and 7 Commanders. A Minister's recommendation is enough to pass his candidate, provided that the latter's *casier judiciaire*, or criminal record, is clean. If that is not the case, his record, together with the recommendations, is submitted to the Grand Council. Then, if the Minister is very anxious to have his candidate accepted, there ensue several telephone calls and the fate of the candidate depends upon the extent of the Minister's influence. There is quite a bit of inter-departmental log-rolling and a system has even been worked out at one time: three Crosses for a rosette, three rosettes for a cravat, etc.

If one knows the right people, it is really quite easy to get a Cross. The Grand Council often winks at the nominations of unworthy candidates, as well as at some cases of unusually rapid promotion, although the ascent from Cavalier to Grand Officer is supposed to require at least sixteen years. Nominations by the higher-ups

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are seldom questioned. For example, Rouvier, one of the most corrupt Premiers of the Third Republic, became notorious for his cynical attitude toward the decorations, and once decorated a nobody because, as he said, 'of the special services rendered to myself by his wife!'

Expositions, both in France and abroad, are always a good pretext for a 'scarlet epidemic.' Perhaps a certain firm wants to please a big client by getting him the coveted bit of red ribbon. This is easily done, and the hero is decorated, usually with the following citation: 'Has given his active and enthusiastic support to the General Committee of the Exposition.'

Under these conditions it is no wonder that getting people into the Legion of Honor has become a racket. We see venal journalists, corrupt officials and unscrupulous politicians in the ante-chambers of the Ministers, lobbying for their candidates, whose merits are usually in inverse proportion to their eagerness. These intermediaries, of course, are amply paid. Nor do we mean by that the modest fees ranging from 150 to 1,000 francs that the newly-decorated must pay for their certificates and Crosses. Some candidates are willing to pay from 50,000 to 100,000 francs for the privilege of wearing the red ribbon in their buttonholes.

Some merely have a natural desire for distinction. Others have more questionable motives, for there are more advantages in becoming a member of the Legion than are implied in the law, and these persons hope to get out of it more than the privilege of being able to send their daughters to Écouen, or Les Loges, or having military honors at their funerals. Some of the persons who are particularly eager to get into the Legion have been arraigned before the courts, and hope that the possession of the Cross will entitle them to judicial consideration.

But how is it possible for anyone awaiting trial to be decorated, when a clean *casier judiciaire* is the first requisite? The case of Oscar Dufrenne, the millionaire owner of none too respectable casinos, reveals how these things are done. There was a little difficulty about Dufrenne's candidacy because he had been convicted on a morals charge. M. Dufrenne, however, had powerful friends. Since, with their good offices, M. Dufrenne was going to be rehabilitated anyhow, the investigation into his past was postponed and the *casier* which was sent to the Council, duly countersigned by the President of the Republic, made no mention of his conviction. Appended to it were the recommendations of Senator Malvy and of M. Chiappe, then Director of the *Sûreté* and Prefect of the Paris police.

IV

Naturally, such little services have to be paid for, whether by direct compensation to the personage involved, by a contribution to some charity, or by a donation to the treasury of a political party. Often the sums have been great, and apparently beyond all reason. The magnate Chauchard, for example, was found to have willed 15 million francs to M. Leygues, apparently for no other reason than that the notorious politician and ex-Minister had gotten him into the Legion. This was quite a sum to pay for a dash of scarlet in one's buttonhole. M. Leygues probably found that it com-

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pensated him even for the inconvenience of being mobbed at Chauchard's funeral. Another man who made considerable profit from the Legion of Honor racket was Daniel Wilson, son-in-law of President Grévy, whose 'Decoration Market' was the scandal of his day.

It is customary to express gratitude to one's protectors or benevolence to one's protégés through the yardage of red ribbon. The venerable M. Doumer, former President of the Republic, personally conducted through all the ranks of the Legion one M. Azaria, who had once made him head of the Board of Directors in his company. After Clemenceau invested the 'angel' of his periodical, *Aurore*, with the title of Grand Officer, it became customary for highly placed politicians to decorate their silent partners of the press as a token of esteem. As a matter of fact, the Crosses of the Legion were considered such good currency that the practice arose of distributing them to an editorial staff instead of a raise in salary.

The Legion of Honor soon found many uses in the business world. It was and is the custom in the financial world to use as a 'front' personages whose names, rank and decorations would look well in company prospectuses. After the War, especially, these exalted personages were drafted wholesale to serve as directors. General Weygand, a Grand Cross of the Legion, graced the Boards of the Schneider and the Suez companies; a simple Commander like Ambassador de Fontaney was with the crooked Oustric Bank and General Bardi de Fourtou was with the so-called 'Alexander I,' as Alexander Stavisky's pawn brokerage concern was called. It is not only in impressing prospects and customers that these gentlemen are useful to business men, and particularly to business men who are enterprising rather than ethical. For in the event of legal difficulties, the privileges granted to dignitaries of the Legion stand the firm in good stead, and may even serve to hush up a scandal. General Raynal, for example, figured in eight such enterprises, most of which were haled into the courts. In every case, the respected Commander of the Legion helped by being able to proclaim his ignorance of the fraud with which his company was charged.

Rascals always like to go about their work behind a façade of respectability. The Board of Directors of the notorious Banque de Fonctionnaires of Georges Alexandre (Alexander II) included two Grand Officers, four Commanders, thirteen Officers and thirteen Cavaliers. One's faith in the integrity of these honorable men in their dealings with the biggest crooks in the Republic is somewhat shaken when one reads a letter which one of them wrote to Stavisky in 1930: 'As President of the Company, I find myself exposed to risks which neither my past nor my name allow me to countenance, such as false accounts, falsified court records, etc. If I reluctantly accept these risks, there should be at least a proportionally substantial remuneration.'

V

The Legion of Honor is not, however, without disciplinary power, and French members can be either suspended or expelled upon the judgment of the Grand Council. From 1871 to 1890 there were 289 expulsions and 102 suspensions. Later figures are not

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available. Membership may be forfeited on the same grounds that lead to the forfeiture of civil rights. A bankrupt debtor, for instance, can be suspended for a time, to be rehabilitated when he liquidates his debts. A penal sentence results in total expulsion. A Legionnaire can also be held unworthy of wearing a Cross for acts which, while not punishable by law, are prejudicial to his honor. The rather vague formula, 'offense against honor,' gives the Council great latitude and often provides a Ministry or a faction with a weapon against its opponents. Many a Legionnaire has been punished for his failure to conform rather than for his ignorance of honor.

One of the most famous expulsions of this kind was that of Émile Zola, after his publication of the article *J'accuse* in the *Aurore*. Thereupon many of Captain Dreyfus's defenders, among them Anatole France, sent their decorations back to the Grand Chancellery. Another case was that of General Percin, who was threatened with expulsion because he became a pacifist after the War. More recently Victor Margueritte, the author, was expelled for writing an 'audacious' book called *La Garçonne*. The Council and the newspapers received many indignant letters from persons who considered that the freedom of the press was endangered by such arbitrary action. Another recent instance is that of the historian Georges Demartial, whose offense was a too persistent and unbiased investigation of the question of war guilt.

It is interesting to note that the United States boasts proportionately fewer representatives in the Legion of Honor than Great Britain, Italy or even Belgium. This is due to the fact that a special Act of Congress is necessary to authorize an American to accept a foreign decoration. After the War this law was relaxed and a flood of decorations followed. Among the Americans Legionnaires have been many logical candidates, such as Alexander Graham Bell, Whistler, Edison, Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel Lindbergh, Dwight Morrow, Commander Byrd and Walter Damrosch. Shining somewhat strangely among this galaxy of stars is the name of Florenz Ziegfeld. The names of about 2,000 Americans are now on the roster of the Legion.

Can anything be done to rehabilitate the honor of the Legion of Honor? This question arises periodically. Commissions have been formed and investigations made, but their findings have invariably been quietly buried among the archives. Abolishing the Legion is out of the question, for experience has shown that these 'baubles' are, after all, necessary to man. Even in the Soviet Union, where all the noble titles have been abolished, there now exists an Order of Lenin, and from time to time figures of national renown are given the title 'Hero of the Soviet Union.' Some measure of reform, however, is necessary, for every promotion has become an occasion for indignation and ridicule. And, while a disproportionate crowd of shopkeepers, profiteers and more or less magnificent cuckolds receive the full benefit of the golden rain, 99 per cent of those who survived four years of fighting in the trenches for their country have been entirely forgotten.

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The struggle among Japanese capitalists over the spoils; the making of drug addicts in North China; prosperity by profiteering in Hong Kong.

Vultures *Over* China

I. Robber Barons Fight for Spoils

By H.

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

To JAPAN, North China is an Eldorado whose immense riches will finance her plans for Imperial expansion. Japan's apologists may speak of her 'sacred mission to establish lasting peace in East Asia,' or of her duty to 'defend civilization from Communism.' These mystic declarations mean nothing. They are intended to supply Japan's 'case against China' with crutches, without which the case would instantly collapse.

The Japanese Army did not go to war because of any crusading spirit. It launched the hostilities because Japan wants North China. Japan's industries need raw materials and customers, both of which North China supplies in abundance. Japan needs a vast foothold, enabling her to advance her ambitious plans to dominate the continent. Finally, she needs a base for an attack upon Russia. North China is made to fit every Japanese requirement. That is why every Japanese today talks, thinks and dreams of North China.

In Tokyo, Cabinet Ministers ponder over plans for a tremendous quick-result economic development of the region. The super-trusts of Tokyo and Osaka are vying with each other for the right to monopolize the industries of the newly-conquered territory. Traders, big and small, are scheming to recoup their war losses by applying the full force of high pressure salesmanship to North China's hundred million inhabitants. Fortune-seekers, special investigators, prospective investors and lobbyists cram every Tientsin-bound ship to the brim.

Scenes witnessed five years ago in Manchuria are being reënacted today on a larger scale in North China. Last year Manchuria had but to beckon to get the cash it needed; now there is an acute shortage of funds, for every available sen has been gathered by the Japanese investors for a plunge

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into the 'new empire in China.' Some huge concerns that once formed the mainstay of the Manchurian economy have even gone to the extent of retiring from their old field, into whose industrial development they had sunk millions of yen, to transfer their attention to the virgin soil of North China.

The choice now lies between Manchuria and North China. It cannot be both, for Japanese bankers cannot bear the burden of simultaneously building two vast economic empires. Manchuria has deceived investors' expectations of quick returns. The funds are, therefore, being shifted southward, to the Eldorado, the inviting stretch between the Great Wall and the Yellow River.

Any program of economic development of North China must, largely because of internal Japanese political considerations, be based on two premises: large-scale operations and quick returns. This means that the task must be borne by powerful concerns, capable of making a vast outlay of capital and possessing well-organized, well-trained staffs. No place is left in the scheme of things for a small investor.

The main aspirants for the undertaking are three: the $230,000,000 South Manchuria Railway Company, partly financed by American capital; the $15,000,000 Hsing Chung Kung; and the $15,000,000 Oriental Development Company.

Ever since the occupation of Peiping and Tientsin and the relentless drive of the Japanese Army southward, there has been a bitter rivalry among these three concerns, further accentuated by the histrionics of their heads. Foes for some time, these men were unwilling to allow each other to become the 'Tsar' of the new Japanese economic empire in North China.

For decades, the South Manchuria Railway Company has been the backbone of the Manchurian economy. With the advent of Manchukuo in 1932, the concern has been given a virtual monopoly in practically every field of non-military endeavor, from coal-mining to operating agricultural experimental stations. Yosuke Matsuoka, in whom the fiery ambitions of an empire-builder blend curiously with the energy and Americanisms acquired during his school days in Oregon, is the head of this twentieth century East India Company.

Mr. Matsuoka is frankly and outspokenly an extreme nationalist, for whom the concern he heads is a huge cannon which he uses to make breaches in the walls blocking Japan's continental expansion. In 1933, he led the Japanese delegation out of the League of Nations, when that august body dared to criticize his country's actions in Manchuria. Subsequently, on his appointment to the presidency of the railway concern, he had expressed himself in favor of dealing drastically with the ubiquitous Red Bear.

Mr. Matsuoka is a star of presently undeterminable but no doubt intense brightness. With 200,000 jobs and a vast slush fund at his disposal, he has, until today, been feared and respected. In October, he was appointed a member of the Tokyo Government's 'Super Brain Trust,' which is said to have superseded the Cabinet in the formulation of vital national policies.

The South Manchuria Railway Company has been deeply interested in North China for the past three years. At the end of 1936, it had 140

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special investigators in the region, studying its natural resources, agriculture, trade and possible railway routes. Like other Japanese and foreigners, Mr. Matsuoka knew at the outset that the current incident represented Japan's bid for a place under the sun. Immediately, therefore, he began to prepare a comprehensive plan for the economic development of North China.

His scheme was based on the assumption that the region was to become a part of the Japanese economic structure and that the South Manchuria Railway was to be placed in charge of economic operations in the vast and fertile areas north of the Yellow River. But, realizing that this plan would meet with bitter opposition from rival groups, and conscious of his importance in the Japanese political scene, Mr. Matsuoka submitted it to the Government late in October with a clear intimation that its rejection would be immediately followed by his resignation.

The shareholders of the company in December expressed their support of the plan, declaring that it was the concern's 'mission' to develop North China and urged the grant of full control to the S.M.R. over the construction of railways and harbors, coal mining and 'other major industries.'

Paradoxically, Mr. Matsuoka's maneuvers were further stimulated by the successful termination of the Kwantung Army's campaign to deprive the S.M.R. of all its non-railway activities. Defeated, Mr. Matsuoka had the satisfaction of knowing that the transfer of the S.M.R. interest in its auxiliary concerns to a newly-formed semi-official firm supplied him with sufficient funds for launching new operations in North China. Shorn of his grandeur in Manchuria, he hoped to expand the company's fortunes south of the Great Wall.

Mr. Matsuoka soon found that his preparations for building a new empire in North China were matched by those of another 'Little Napoleon,' Shinji Sogo, the ultra-patriotic President of the Hsing Chung Company. The firm was created by the South Manchuria Railway Company as its auxiliary concern two years ago for the specific purpose of taking care of the S.M.R.'s activities in North China. Mr. Sogo, a director of the S.M.R. on bad terms with Mr. Matsuoka, was 'exiled' to Tientsin.

II

At first, there was little progress. Only a few months after the inauguration of the company for the specific purpose of developing North China's economy through Sino-Japanese cooperation, Mr. Sogo admitted ruefully that the Chinese appeared to be slow in asking for assistance and in making definite proposals. For about two years, the firm's only achievements were the establishment of the Tientsin Electric Power Company, capitalized at $2,300,000, of the Tangku Transport Company, capitalized at $870,000 and of the Huitung Aviation Corporation, maintaining the Peiping-Tokyo service, capitalized at $430,000. Sporadic but important plunges were also made into the salt, iron, coal and other industries.

Although the firm and Mr. Sogo were receiving a fair amount of publicity, both seemed destined for obliv-

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ion. Fate, however, ruled otherwise. General Hayashi, the bemoustached and unbrilliant ex-Minister of War, was commanded to form a new Cabinet. Apparently for no other reason than Mr. Sogo's close connection with the omnipotent Kwantung Army, he was asked by General Hayashi to become Secretary-General of the Cabinet and to assist the Premier-elect in the selection of his Ministers.

Mr. Sogo immediately drew up a slate which included every outstanding dyed-in-the-wool reactionary in Japan, even Admiral Suetsugu, who late in December, a few weeks after his appointment as Home Minister, crashed into world headlines with his declaration on the necessity of driving the whites out of yellow Asia.

The moderate elements in the Army, Navy and the business circles became alarmed. General Hayashi, after twenty-four hours of deliberation, asked Mr. Sogo to withdraw from the political scene. Mr. Sogo returned to Tientsin in a blaze of glory—a nationally recognized ultra-patriot. When he came back to Tokyo in September, two months after the outbreak of the current 'Incident,' and presented to the Army and the Government his plan for the economic development of North China, he was already acting with powerful backing among the militarist and nationalist groups.

His four-point plan provided for the reorganization of the Hsing Chung Company into a vast holding firm, capitalized at $30,000,000, the money to be subscribed jointly by the Government, the South Manchuria Railway Company and the Japanese super-trusts, such as the Mitsui and the Mitsubishi. No investments were to be permitted in North China save through this concern, which would engage in every field of economic endeavor, from agriculture to transportation. Specifically mentioned were such projects as coal and iron mining, harbor construction, cotton growing, building of railways, erection of power plants and operation of warehouses.

Everyone realized that Mr. Sogo was treading heavily upon Mr. Matsuoka's tender toes. The feud was on. But by that time still another 'Little Giant' of Japanese finance, Mr. Wasukawa, had joined the fray.

While Mr. Sogo and Mr. Matsuoka were busily engaged in elucidating the 'great mission' of their respective concerns to make North China safe for Japanese investors, Mr. Wasukawa, an ambitious financier closely linked with the Mitsui interests, made an unpublicized but determined attempt to acquire a controlling interest in the Hsing Chung Company.

For a time, the influential *Asahi* revealed in November, it looked as if the Hsing Chung Company's railway, coal mining, raw cotton and salt enterprises would be taken over in their entirety by Mr. Wasukawa. That was in May, 1937. The war was yet distant, and it was not in Mr. Matsuoka's plans to allow Mr. Wasukawa's Oriental Development Company to swallow the Hsing Chung Company. Thus, Mr. Matsuoka came to Mr. Sogo's rescue and saved the latter's firm from absorption by the newcomer.

When the war broke out, Mr. Wasukawa sensed his opportunity. His company's office in Tientsin was expanded and its experts began to draft plans for branching out into every field of economic activity, with especial emphasis on coal mining and raw cotton. Collieries were bought, woolen

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and cotton mills were built and new trading and warehousing auxiliary concerns were formed.

But the three rivals had underestimated the strength of the military-Fascist groups in the Government and the financial oligarchy. In Manchuria, the uniformed national-socialists had a severe battle on their hands three years ago before they succeeded in regimenting the financial interests and ensuring a smooth execution of the Army's industrial schemes. The Army was not going to repeat its error in North China.

The rich financial houses of Tokyo and Osaka, on the other hand, were also opposed to the monopolistic plans of the three rival 'Tsars.' All of these super-trusts had held large blocks of stock in each of the three competing concerns, but they wanted and demanded a full recognition of the principle of *laissez faire* for Japanese enterprise in North China.

III

Few surface ripples indicate the terrific struggle which has been in progress under Japan's apparently placid financial waters in the past seven months. There were a few laconic reports in the press, a few exuberant addresses by Mr. Matsuoka and Mr. Sogo, a few resolutions passed by powerful business associations in Tokyo and Osaka and editorials in Army-controlled newspapers regarding the need for an early decision on *national* control of North China. The Government and its National Planning Board were subjected to strong pressure by lobbyists for the three rival concerns, by the Army's economic experts, by bellicose nationalist groups and by various financial interests.

The coalition of Big Business and Army nationalists won. The three rival musketeers lost. When the Government finally drafted its plan in December, it was revealed that the control of North China economy would be placed in the hands of a newly-organized semi-official holding company, which would closely supervise and direct all economic activities in the new Eldorado.

Specifically mentioned as within the purview of the projected company were construction of railways, harbors, ports and highways, general transportation facilities, telephone and telegraph systems, the electric power and the mining industries. The textile industry and cultivation of cotton were to be left open to private investors.

A franchise to build railways will be obtained by the company from the pro-Japanese administration in Peiping. Railways will be constructed by a specially formed auxiliary concern, in which the South Manchuria Railway Company will be allowed to invest. The S.M.R. will also be asked to give technical assistance, but will not be permitted to operate any lines independently.

It was also indicated that Mr. Sogo's Hsing Chung Company will be dissolved under the Government's plan and its enterprises and staff will be taken over by the projected firm. The latest information, however, reveals that the Hsing Chung Company will transfer its manifold activities to Inner Mongolia, where it will engage in coal mining, sheep breeding and general trading. Already the firm is operating in the Provinces of Chahar and Suiyuan.

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Mr. Wasukawa's Oriental Development Company, which previously had borrowed extensively from J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank, has also been officially encouraged to go into the field of cotton cultivation and the manufacture of cotton and woolen textiles.

It would appear at first sight that Mr. Matsuoka has been the sole loser. Early in January, when he was asked if he would resign, Mr. Matsuoka replied: 'I regret that I am unable to resign while the country is facing a crisis.' A fortnight later, however, he tendered his resignation. It was not accepted. Recently he sent an American, Henry W. Kinney, to Shanghai to try to induce American financiers to lend money to the S.M.R. to finance its program in China.

It is idle to think that the S.M.R. will withdraw from China without a battle royal. The concern is too powerful and has too many fingers in the Chinese pie to be content with nothing more than the rôle of an investor assigned to it by the Army and the Government. Unmindful of the first defeat, thousands of S.M.R.'s experts are swarming over North and Central China, studying opportunities for investment. Thousands of other employees are operating railways under Japanese military orders.

The struggle for supremacy in North China and the Government's decision to give monopoly to a semi-official concern bear an important and ominous lesson for foreign interests. In the entire process no attention whatsoever has been paid to the vast foreign investments and rights in the North save occasional vague pious declarations of respect and hope for future coöperation in the economic development of North China.

The solemn treaties which guaranteed the 'Open Door' and equal opportunity for every nation in China are still theoretically in force, but these principles today are no more than myths, neither revered nor remembered.

II. Drugging China

By Muriel Lester

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

AFTER I returned to London from China in March, 1936, various reports reached me during the following fifteen months from foreign observers, medical men, journalists and missionaries that the drug situation in China was becoming steadily worse. Chinese mayors and magistrates were unable to prevent the sale of poisonous drugs by Japanese and Korean traders because they were protected by extraterritoriality; whereas Chinese drug traders would be severely punished, these Japanese citizens went free. On occasion, after special publicity at Geneva or as the result of representations made by some public-spirited Japanese, a raid would be undertaken by consular authority. One such led to thirty men being arrested, but other pedlars promptly took their place.

During 1936 the traffickers set up clinics at village fairs, advertising

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their skill in curing tuberculosis and other diseases. The medicine sold was always the same: heroin or morphine. The country folk were ignorant of what was happening to them. When the effect of the medicine wore off, feeling worse than ever, they returned to the clinic for advice. They were told they must persist with the treatment. All over China and into Hong Kong these drug pedlars penetrated systematically.

Opium is an old story with the Chinese—they know how to cope with its effects—but heroin and morphine are new and far more potent. They work with terrific speed: one 'shot' of morphine from a hypodermic syringe may lead easily to addiction. One may take a few whiffs of heroin in a cigarette without knowing that one is being inveigled into a deadly habit. One can buy a packet of heroin for 10 cents (three cents U.S.A.).

Early in 1936 the Nanking Government passed a law that every addict should present himself within the next twelve months at one or other of the centers provided for treatment and undergo a cure. After that period anyone found taking drugs would suffer the death penalty. Much remedial work was done during this period. Those who did not come voluntarily were fetched and treated under prison conditions; the others had hospital care. The expenses of all were met by their communities, rural or urban. In Tientsin, one city hospital was devoted to this work and another put aside part of its premises for the same purpose. Mission and private hospitals also gave treatment to addicts.

Since the war began I have returned once more to China and visited several cities in the North. When the new Government—the Peace Preservation Council—was set up by the Japanese in Tientsin on August 3, 1937, it was announced that the Nanking law was no longer applicable to the district. The drug habit reassumed its tyranny. The anti-narcotic hospital work was stopped. In the old Japanese concession is a street in which about 50 per cent of the houses are drug 'joints.' They are not allowed to sell to the Japanese, but foreigners and Chinese, men and women, are offered the stuff openly as they walk through the street. There is no need to stress the danger or to quote actual cases to show how perilous is this situation for the foreign soldiers stationed in Tientsin.

II

In Peiping I spent a morning visiting various drug 'joints.' There are plenty of them. (I am having a map made of this quarter of the city, with the location of various shops.) The Japanese are no longer allowed to carry on this trade. The drug shops are all left in charge of Koreans under Japanese protection, but Chinese police arrest any Chinese trafficker whom they find. Death is the penalty. My companion, an American journalist, speaks Chinese fluently and told the traders that I was a Russian addict on my way to Shanghai. We were able to buy as much as we liked, but our usual purchase was only twenty cents' worth.

Five customers bought heroin during the ten minutes we spent in one shop. Here we learned that the best grade of heroin comes from Dairen and sells at eighteen dollars an ounce. This is two and a half times as much as Tientsin heroin. Small boys were on

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the look-out for customers and led us genially along the *hutungs*.

A middle-aged procurer took us to a brothel where we purchased heroin. Here we learned that many traders had left Peiping to follow the Army into pastures new, but their places were quickly filled by others. This establishment supplied the more expensive Dairen heroin as well as the Tientsin brand. A Chinese trafficker looked very frightened when we appeared. The difference between his furtive expression and the self-assurance of all the Korean dealers was marked.

We went to a house belonging to a Russian cabaret manager who owns a hotel in Tientsin. Drugs are habitually sold here, but we could not enter, as he had gone to Taiyuan to extend his business and the two Japanese who were retailing heroin in his house, using his name to protect themselves, were not at home.

The thing that troubled me most in Peiping was the number of small clinics which the Japanese are opening. They are well lit and attractive. One of them displays the red cross, and most use illuminated street signs to guide passers-by on the main roads to their doors up the side streets. A crowd of rickshaws wait outside them at night. They advertise in the papers the various diseases which they cure.

The procedure in many of them seems to be that each person on entering is given a cursory examination by an unqualified doctor or dispenser, and is then registered as suffering from some specific disease. After that he is allowed to buy as much heroin or morphine as he likes. Here also, on certain nights of the week, come prostitutes to renew their weekly licenses. The well-known Japanese dispensary in Hatamen Street was the chief retailing center for drugs until a few months ago, when it became illegal to have drug 'joints' on the main streets. Probably that is why the clinics are springing up now.

We also went to the big foreign-style house where opium is regularly brought in from Jehol for distribution. The Japanese who own the place have five cars in regular use for this purpose. Three hundred addicts were set free from the city treatment center last week and the place closed down. There is no longer any clinic available here for the cure of addicts. Some Japanese here are known to pay their servants or business employees half in cash, half in drugs.

Last week I revisited Changli, Hopei, where I made a detailed survey in March, 1935. It has a self-respecting population, a public-spirited Mayor, an excellent long-established mission school, hospital, health center and an agricultural center. Since the taking of Manchuria, this area, which includes Shanhaikuan, Lanhsien and Chingwangtao, has been invaded, in ever-increasing numbers by pedlars of poisonous drugs; but no other town was so well conditioned to resist the evil.

The traffickers could find no one inside the city walls willing to rent them a shop. They ensconced themselves, therefore, in shanties just outside the walls. Of course they ignored the Mayor's request to them to close down their anti-social activities, their pawnshops, gambling dens, brothels, and theater, each of which enticed the country people to contract the drug habit. They merely answered that they were Japanese citizens and they

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could continue to do as they liked.

The Mayor's authority extended, however, over any Chinese they might employ, and his police eventually caught one such and confiscated the drugs he was carrying and imprisoned him. The next day the Mayor found himself a prisoner in his own office by armed ruffians who demanded the value of the drugs—two thousand five hundred dollars—and the release of the Chinese employee. He had to make payment out of his own pocket before he was allowed to move.

I was glad to see that Changli folk are still successful in keeping the drug traffickers outside the city walls. There they continue their trade unchecked, though many have gone to follow the Army.

A foreign Christian appealed to five Koreans newly settled in a Chinese town and running opium dens. 'Why do you come to China?' he inquired. 'We were sent here,' they answered. 'Why do you ply this trade?' he asked. 'That was the part assigned to us,' they explained.

III. Prosperous Hong Kong

By Walter Bosshard

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich German-Language Daily

HONG KONG'S harbor is regarded as one of the most beautiful in the whole world, excelled only, perhaps, by that of Rio de Janeiro. The approach by day through the countless green islands, and the view upon the city with its richly inhabited peak rising steeply in the background—all this leaves an unforgettable impression. By night, the city presents a fascinating view from the mainland, when the giant ocean liners are tied up at their piers in Kowloon and when, across the narrow channel the many lights betray the pulsating life of a big city.

Until a few months ago, Hong Kong was a conservative colonial city, whose inhabitants were regarded as 'more British than those of Britain.' Here one would encounter people out of Dickens and Thackeray, old-fashioned in their language and their customs. Even those who were not English accepted the traditional code after a short time and came to look upon the outside world through Hong Kong's peculiar spectacles.

Now everything has changed. Overnight, because of the war, Hong Kong has become a capital, a world center. One need only take a walk in the forenoon through Pedder Street, which is hardly a thousand feet long, or sit in the lobby of the Hong Kong Hotel to see familiar faces from all five continents. In less than two hours after my arrival I met within these few acres the Dean of a Peiping university, three American colleagues from Tokyo, Rome and Madrid, the members of a German Red Cross mission, a French writer, a Viennese eye specialist, a Prague munitions agent, Italian diplomats, the wife of a famous Portuguese throat specialist, a Swiss merchant from Manila, Swedish missionaries, Russian ballerinas—all of them people whom I had met before under entirely different circumstances. It is this in-

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ternational set that nowadays fills the big hotels and forces the prices up to fantastic figures so that accommodation in Hong Kong has become a real problem for the tourist.

Even more serious is the fact that the city is crowded with European, American and Chinese refugees from Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow and Canton, who have sought a haven in this British port. Their number is now estimated at nearly 300,000 and it is growing steadily. This enormous influx from the Chinese hinterland has brought in its wake a sharp increase in prices, particularly of rents. The shortage of living quarters is so acute that many greedy landlords have simply put their old tenants out on the street in order to offer their houses to the highest bidder, often at two or three times the original figure. Daily, one reads indignant articles in the local newspapers against these war profiteers, but so far the authorities have not taken any action to curb them. The British colonial administration works without particular haste and is disposed to let every matter take its regular course, in the hope that the problems may solve themselves.

Because of the great influx of refugees, the danger of contagious diseases has been increased. There have been more than 800 fatalities from smallpox in the Colony between January 1st and mid-April, but the Government did not take energetic steps to prevent its spread until the middle of March. These aspects of the misery among the refugees will pass unnoticed unless one visits the Chinese slums. Everywhere else one is likely to get the impression that only millionaires live in Hong Kong. Hundreds of expensive cars are parked in the center of the wide business thoroughfares. De luxe restaurants and cafés are overcrowded. The women wear the latest Paris models, extravagant window displays of jewelry and other luxuries are constantly changed—proof that business is flourishing.

Truly, Hong Kong has never been so prosperous as now. Among the refugees are many rich Chinese, who have brought their money to Hong Kong for safekeeping. And the Free Port has, since the outbreak of the present war, become the most important transshipment center for the commerce of the entire Far East. Hong Kong has also become the purchase and supply headquarters of the Chinese National Government. Here, under inconspicuous names, may be found the many provisioning firms which were driven out of Nanking and Shanghai. Forced by the Shanghai campaign to move to the South, they established their branches in Hong Kong as early as August of last year in order to receive and deliver their goods to the semi-official agencies. Their *godowns* (warehouses) are still filled to the roof. The entire Chinese trade is being directed into new channels, since the Yangtze route has been blocked by the Japanese occupation and blockade.

Apart from these representatives of reputable firms, there soon appeared those people who can be always met where there is a possibility of getting rich quickly. Those are the spies, and the profiteers and armaments agents, who sell everything from patent buttons and Chinese uniforms to heavy bombers and armored cruisers. Usually these people have no office. They discuss their business in dark corners

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of hotel lobbies and try, late at night, after an expensive supper with heavy wines, to get their contracts signed. For them, Hong Kong is a paradise, easily accessible yet safe. They sell their wares not only to China, but frequently to her enemy. They care not at all that China is fighting for her life.

II

Excellent airline connections, which for some time have centered in Hong Kong, have brought this Far Eastern city considerably closer to the rest of the world. Every week the huge planes of Imperial Airways and the Pan-American Airways leave for Europe and America. London and New York can now be reached in one week by plane, while the traveling distance by boat takes four weeks. Still more active is the airline connection with the interior of China. There is now a daily connection with Hankow, the present headquarters of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. One can fly to Chengtu and Chungking in Szechuan, and to Yunnanfu twice a week. Journeys which formerly took weeks have thereby been reduced to a few hours. So it is not amazing that space in these planes is often entirely booked for two or three weeks in advance, since nobody nowadays likes to travel by trains which are exposed to daily bombing by Japanese war planes.

The railway between Hong Kong and Hankow, which was only recently completed, is today the most important strategic line in the hands of the Chinese National Government. As mentioned above, almost the entire reserve supplies for the Chinese Army are being unloaded in Hong Kong. Arms and ammunition arrive by the shipload. With the exception of airplanes and automobiles, everything departs by trains in endless succession, which start out on their trips late in the afternoon, reach the Chinese frontier at dusk and then travel several nights in order to reach their destination in the interior. During the day these trains are halted and excellently camouflaged. Automobiles and trucks destined for the Chinese Army usually travel in large columns on the road which leads from Hong Kong through Canton toward Hankow and the Yangtze. Imported airplanes and heavy bombers—since a law prohibits their being assembled in Hong Kong—are sent in their cases to Canton as freight, assembled on the outskirts of the city and flown to the front.

In Hong Kong one can see clearly how Great Britain supports China's struggle against Japan. If Great Britain should some day decide to close this port to the importation of war materials, then China's plight would be seriously aggravated, since all her other lines of communication are of little significance for the transportation of munitions and other supplies.

The Japanese, quite naturally, find Hong Kong a thorn in their side. The Free Port lies outside their sphere of control and they realize that the establishment of a blockade might lead to dangerous complications. At the same time, they notice with grave apprehension that Hong Kong is replacing Shanghai as the most important transshipment center for the Chinese market.

The Chinese, too, realize the advantages offered by this small island, which they had to cede to the British

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almost one hundred years ago. Recently the Chinese Government enacted new currency regulations which made Hong Kong the center of all its financial transactions in the territory not occupied by the Japanese. Because of this, the formerly stolid colonial city has achieved a financial status similar to that of London and New York, while Shanghai, which financed almost three-fourths of the entire Chinese trade before August of last year, recedes into the background. Pessimists are afraid that this development may some day lead to a clash with Japan; but for the present, at any rate, Hong Kong is on the winning side of the war.

By the Bivouac Fire

Translated by Junsaku Funakoshi

From *Japan in Pictures*, *Asahi* (Tokyo) Monthly Overseas Edition

[*This is a translation of a popular Japanese war song. Mr. Funakoshi is a university graduate turned farmer, whose hobby is English poetry.* The Editors]

'Victory or Death!' I shouted to the sky,
When I marched away from my kindred tie:
I must win fame ere I die!
Whene'er the bugles blare shrill and high,
The waves of tiny flags surge before my eye!

On the blazing plains, in the sweating caravan,
Where glitter the steel helmets and the standards of the Sun,
The rawest's the bravest, a hero every one.
And, stroking softly my horse's mane's dun
I whisper, 'Who falls under tomorrow's gun?'

When the night is calm, and all's at rest,
The troops lie asleep, the moon in the west;
My father, in my dreams, cries, 'Do thy best!
And die for the Fatherland!' And with a heaving breast
I awake and glare at the enemy's nest.

Ah, well I remember, in the onsets of today,
My comrade who fell, and in the gore did lay,
And with a dying smile I heard him faintly say,
'Long Live the Emperor!' Then clay was clay!
Oh how could I forget his voice's gripping sway?

Well, Death is so cheap and the struggle so drear!
A Japanese soldier knoweth no defeat nor fear!
Don't weep for me, wee insects, my dear,
For the Peace of the Orient, for the sake of her welfare,
I pledge my young life, to God I declare!

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How the fatal web was woven around Chancellor Schuschnigg—and Austria.

Ordeal *at* Berchtesgaden

By VIATOR

Translated from *Revue de Paris*
Paris Political Monthly

AS FAR back as January, Baron von Neurath advised the French Ambassador at Berlin that the Führer had made up his mind to get rid of Chancellor Schuschnigg. This alarming news of things to come was immediately forwarded to the French Government by M. François-Poncet. Soon afterward, Chancellor Hitler said before witnesses that he would 'soon have Schuschnigg's head;' and it was the objections of the German General Staff to using force against Austria which resulted in the purge of many of its ranking officers, including von Fritsch, its chief, on February 4th.

But the Führer suddenly changed his mind. He decided to postpone the forcible absorption of Austria and to try to secure *Anschluss* by slower stages—by pressing for the extension of the Austro-German Accord of July 11, 1936. He sent for Herr von Papen and charged him with the task of beginning negotiations to strengthen Germany's position in Austria. The Ambassador warned him that the moment seemed inopportune, since Schuschnigg had come into possession of some very compromising documents about Rudolf Hess's plan for a Nazi *Putsch* in Austria, thanks to a raid on the Vienna headquarters of the National Socialist Committee of Seven. The Führer showed no surprise, for he had already been informed of the raid. He replied simply: 'You *must* arrange to have Schuschnigg come and see me.'

As soon as he got back to Vienna, von Papen communicated the Führer's desire to Guido Schmidt, the Austrian Foreign Minister. This strange little man, against whom Mussolini himself once warned Schuschnigg in no uncertain terms, had long been working for the Nazis. For six months Schmidt had been promising von Papen to prevail upon Chancellor Schuschnigg to go for an interview with Hitler; but he had been unable to move his stubborn chief. Von Papen now redoubled his appeals to Schmidt, and the latter thought that the two of them, working

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together, might better succeed in changing Schuschnigg's mind.

Their conference with the Chancellor was long. Von Papen told Schuschnigg of his conversation with the Führer—revealed to him what were the latter's first intentions. Assuming a confidential air, he said that the Führer seemed to be greatly disturbed by the results of the raid upon the Nazi headquarters in Vienna. Aided at every point by Schmidt, von Papen went so far as to tell Schuschnigg that, having proof of the Nazi plotting in his hands, he was in the best possible position to talk frankly to Chancellor Hitler. He advised him to base their discussion on that advantageous point. He praised the Führer's 'steady adherence to his pledged word,' implying that he would give his word to respect the integrity of Austrian territory.

'Austria has been threatened,' said von Papen, 'but that won't happen again if you will only make a peaceful move. You will certainly be able to find some common ground for agreement.' And he added: 'You will talk as brother to brother.'

So many promises were made to him that Schuschnigg, usually so suspicious and slow to make decisions, ended by agreeing in principle to the proposed interview. He insisted only upon one condition: 'This must be kept to ourselves.'

After von Papen had gone he told Schmidt that before finally agreeing to go to Berchtesgaden he would telephone Mussolini and ask his advice. News of his intention quickly reached Berlin through two channels: von Papen and Dr. Wilhelm Wolff, Schmidt's right-hand man. The Duce's reply to Schuschnigg's account of the situation was: 'My dear friend, I have every confidence in your capacities as a statesman.'

The remark was sibylline. The Austrian Chancellor interpreted it in the worst sense possible and from that time onward never doubted that Mussolini had left him to his fate.

His final decision to accept the Führer's invitation was made on February 10th. Late on the evening of the 11th, he left Vienna, passed the night on his special train to Salzburg and proceeded the next morning to Berchtesgaden. He arrived at 11:45, accompanied by Schmidt, von Papen and Dr. Peter, a young secretary of Schmidt's. Contrary to certain fantastic accounts, Schuschnigg was almost immediately received by the Führer in the conservatory, which was decorated with the tapestries from the villa. This great chamber was the scene of the entire interview, which began a little before noon and lasted until 10 o'clock in the evening.

II

The atmosphere was stormy from the beginning. Without bothering to shake Schuschnigg's hand or to offer him a chair, Hitler spoke to him with a bitterness which soon degenerated into downright insults. He called him 'dwarf,' 'murderer of Planetta' [Planetta, the assassin of Dolfuss, had been executed after trial for his crime] and 'Jesuit.' He charged him with maintaining an illegal dictatorship. He warned him that he would crush him as he crushed everybody who opposed his will, that he intended to be obeyed. Said the Führer: 'You are playing your last card here. You will yield or I shall seize Austria immediately.' Schuschnigg's cold and naturally

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aloof and absent-minded manner infuriated Hitler, who embarked upon his own praise—a veritable dithyramb, which he shouted in a jerky voice, pounding on the table with his fist. When Schuschnigg started to open his cigarette case, Hitler rudely forbade him to smoke in his presence.

The interview, if it could be called that, was interrupted for lunch. In addition to the two Chancellors, von Papen, Schmidt and Peter there were present von Ribbentrop, Generals Keitel, Sperrle and von Reichenau and Dr. Dietrich. Complete silence reigned around the table. The meal was as frugal as a monk's repast. After the coffee, a servant brought in a tray of liqueurs and offered them first to the Führer, who refused them with a gesture and said, looking directly at Schuschnigg: 'I permit everybody around me to drink, because seeing other people drink does not distress a non-drinker; but smoking in the presence of someone whom it annoys is a breach of good manners.' Schuschnigg confessed that not being able to smoke made him very uncomfortable. In a dry voice, Hitler said that he might smoke one cigarette; later he allowed him to smoke until the end of the interview.

The conference was resumed in a more normal tone. Schmidt was called into the conservatory several times and even participated actively in the discussion. In the morning the Führer had given Schuschnigg a list of eleven concessions required of the Austrian Government, asking him to sign it on the spot. Schuschnigg had asked time for consideration. He now told Hitler that he was quite unable to sign the agreement. His answer, he added, merely reflected his own views, but he did not refuse to transmit the demands to President Miklas.

'He will decide in the last resort,' he said. 'As for myself, I say no to all eleven points.'

In high dudgeon, Hitler sent for Schmidt, who insisted emphatically that Schuschnigg concede at least a few points which did not too greatly contravene the Accord of 1936. After some time Schuschnigg consented to three concessions: a National Socialist was to be appointed Minister of Security (the Police) and Interior; a general political amnesty was to be proclaimed; and the Austrian Nazis were to be admitted into the Fatherland Front on equal terms with others. The Chancellor was adamant on the remaining eight points, always declaring his willingness to submit them to the highest authority in Austria, the President of the Republic. Schmidt hastened to add that he personally guaranteed the acceptance of those eight points by President Miklas. The Führer seemed satisfied with this promise and no longer repeated the threat of invasion which he had voiced in the morning and afternoon.

Schuschnigg returned to Vienna. For the first time in years, Nazis gathered before the German Consulate and shouted '*Heil Hitler!*' Brownshirted reinforcements brought by lorry from the provinces helped to make their 'spontaneous' demonstrations even more impressive. The police, now in the hands of Dr. Seyss-Inquart, who had repeatedly gone to Berlin to confer with the Führer, showed unwonted gentleness to their erstwhile foes. Soon the Nazis would be in full possession of the streets. The days of Austria's independence were numbered.

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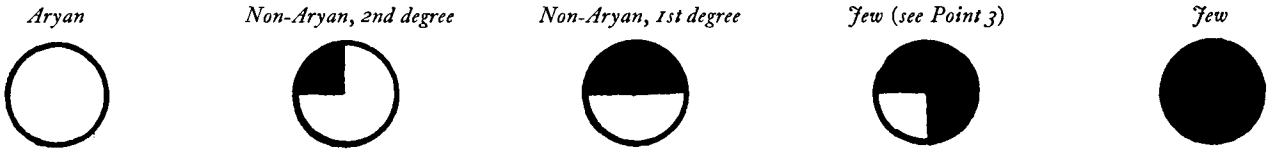
Mixed Marriages in Germany

The Nuremberg Laws decreed in September, 1935; analyzed by Dr. Edgar Krueger of Meiningen

Definitions: A full-blooded German is a German who can prove descent from four Aryan grandparents.
A full-blooded Jew has four Jewish grandparents.
Persons of mixed blood are divided into three groups:—

(1) Those having one Jewish grandparent. They are quarter-Jews, called non-Aryans in the second degree.
(2) Those having two Jewish grandparents. They are half-Jews, called non-Aryans in the first degree.
(3) Those having three Jewish grandparents. Before the law these are regarded as full-blooded Jews.

We distinguish between five different types of individuals:—



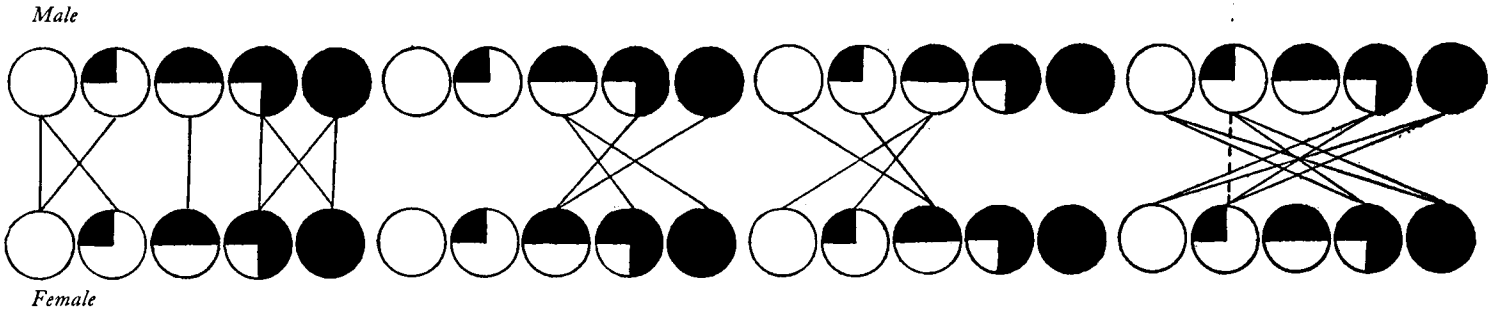
Among these five different types of men and women twenty-five different types of marriage are possible. The Nuremberg Laws divide these twenty-five marriage relationships into the following four groups:—

Permissible

Permissible with reservations, the non-Aryan in each case becoming a Jew.

Requiring official permit; character, physical qualifications, length of residence, war service, etc., considered.

Prohibited. Of the relationship indicated by the dotted line the law says: 'Should not be consummated.'



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Mr. Mahashavi had a brilliant plan, but it did not work out as he hoped.

Mahashavi

By M. Y. Ben-Gavriel

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zurich German-Language Daily

FOR some years citizen Mahashavi has lived in our village. He is a man of square, or rather lozenge-shaped, stature, who possesses a house, a garden and a slight defect of speech. Until the affair told below was discovered by a silly little accident, he was a member of all the political parties in the village; yet he knew no more about politics than, let's say, the Bedouin, who have their tents at the edge of the swamp, know about the workings of a tractor.

Mahashavi, who, by the way, never married—not because he scorned the female sex or the institution of marriage as such, but simply because he did not regard the constant presence of a companion in the household, to say nothing of other advantages, as worth the added expense—Mahashavi, I say, despite certain anti-social qualities, was obsessed by an urge to redeem, a kind of savior complex, so to speak, which found expression in his agitating for a new ethical or social idea every three months.

One day he was seized with the idea that he was called upon to 'redeem the soil.' He decided to be consistent, to let everything else go and to become a farmer. He owned no more ground than that which bore his house and garden, and had no more knowledge of farming than what he had picked up from some agricultural articles in the newspapers; nevertheless, he tore down the partition between two large rooms of his extensive house and called the space thus created 'my barn.' Nor was this enough; from one of the farmers, who, by chance, had got into financial difficulties, Mahashavi bought a crop of barley and stored it in his 'barn.'

Day after day Mahashavi now stood at the gate of his garden and invited the passers-by to look at his crop; he waded around in the pile of barley with each visitor, let the grains run from one hand into the other and on the whole acted very expert and contented. One day he even rode to Tel-Aviv and bought the *Farmers'*

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Handbook. But since he did not greatly enjoy the dry statistics in the book, he soon dropped the reading and with undivided attention began to follow the fluctuations of the barley market in the weekly government reports.

II

One day a passing farmer, who had seen the enormous mountain of barley in the unventilated room, never meant to serve as a 'barn,' said to Mahashavi: 'May I be turned into the root of a withered banana plant if your barley does not soon take fire spontaneously and burn, and your house with it.'

'Fire?' Mahashavi asked with a child-like expression on his face. 'Burn? Why, how. . . ? There's no fire in sight!'

'Listen,' said the other, 'if you had first read your book and then bought the barley, it might have been better, for then you would know that one has to turn stored grain from time to time to avoid spontaneous combustion.'

'Spontaneous combustion?' Mahashavi answered miserably. 'Spontaneous combustion . . . ? Curse it all, what a mess!'

Wrapped in thought he lit a cigarette, but was so startled by the heat of the match that he threw the cigarette and the match out into the street.

'Listen,' he said, 'you wouldn't pull my leg, would you? If this is really true, I won't have time to read the book through to the chapter on "Spontaneous Combustion." Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what to do?'

'First,' the farmer replied, 'you have to move the barley, and you have to keep turning it, not once, but several times.'

'What,' Mahashavi cried out in horror, jumping back as if he had been asked to build a strategic road for the Government at his own expense. 'What do you say? Spend more money for this confounded barley when it has again fallen five cents? Do you think I am a public benefactor? Do you think I stole my money? To the Devil with your agriculture!'

'All right,' the farmer answered, 'then you will not even be able to sell your heap of barley as chicken feed!'

Badly shaken, Mahashavi went home and sat up the whole night under his olive tree, although the Bedouin took several pot shots at him from the swamp. He cursed his idea of becoming a farmer.

In the morning he had an inspiration. He sat down, took paper and pen and wrote in a disguised hand to the Governor:—

'Honorable Governor: Whereas the anonymous signatory is a faithful citizen of this country, he therefore regards it as his duty to report that the citizen Mahashavi, in the village Kfar-haggiborim, has hidden in his house not only hasheesh, thus violating the law against drug traffic, but also firearms, the ownership of which was recently prohibited by law and made punishable before the military court by death.

A loyal citizen'

He took this letter to the post-office at Tel-Aviv; then he wandered happily from one café to the other, visited two motion picture shows and returned home in the evening. Still

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happy he went to bed and fell asleep, until—well, until there was a knock at his door, apparently with a very hard object.

Mahashavi awoke, but remembered immediately what he expected; a glance out of the window showed him that the sun was just rising and that the house was completely surrounded by soldiers and police. He rushed to the door, recoiling artfully as though he had never seen a British officer before; he searched his nightshirt with embarrassment for his spectacles when the officer silently handed him a court order requiring the bearer to search the house of Mahashavi.

III

Mahashavi acted very indignant when he read that he was accused of trafficking in drugs and of illegally possessing firearms. With a gesture of offended honor he conducted the officer and the soldiers into the house. The rooms were searched rapidly, but with such thoroughness that Mahashavi began to feel very uncomfortable when he realized that his furniture was faring badly at the hands of soldiers who were angry at being torn from their sleep.

When the officer opened the door to the 'barn,' his freckled face grew rapidly gloomy because he had counted upon completing his task quickly and having breakfast in Tel-Aviv.

Officers and soldiers stood helplessly in front of the huge heap of barley—so helplessly, in fact, that Mahashavi became suddenly afraid they might go away without turning over his barley. He was so afraid that little beads of sweat broke out on his forehead, which the officer—psychologist that he was—immediately interpreted as a confession of guilt. He shouted orders and two policemen disappeared.

Mahashavi tried to start a friendly conversation with the officer. This failed, however, because Mahashavi knew little English, while the officer in turn understood nothing about the spontaneous combustion of barley which Mahashavi had brought up. At last the policemen returned from the swamp tents with some Bedouin, brave citizens who never shoot at the villagers after sunrise. Singing gayly they began shoveling the barley out of the window into the street.

Mahashavi had not counted on such a turn of events. What was barley needed for on the street? He tried to argue about this, but the officer was thinking only of the breakfast he had missed. The Arabs continued their shoveling.

It was noon when they got to the bottom. In front of the house lay a huge mountain of barley, attracting the village sparrows, donkeys and a few camels. The police and the soldiers had disappeared, and inside the house sat the remnants of Haver Mahashavi, that part, namely, which a scorching fury had left of him. He was reckoning what his miscalculation had cost him.

In the first place, the house and furniture had not come unscathed through the raid; some of the latter had disappeared into the tents of the friendly Bedouin. Then the soldiers, who for six or eight hours had been stationed about the house, had relieved the owner of his worries concerning the future of his orange crop. And the officer, as he finished writing his report about the fruitless raid, casually remarked that Mahashavi

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would have to pay the Bedouin for their shoveling.

Nor was this all, for there is a law prohibiting the storing of barley on the village street because all donkeys and camels become stubborn and refuse to work with temptation so near. So Mahashavi had to go to the expense of having the barley shoveled back into his barn. The danger of spontaneous combustion, however, was almost completely removed—completely, in fact, when a man soon appeared who was willing to take the barley off Mahashavi's hands at the current quotation, now some 30 cents below the price Mahashavi had paid.

After completing this transaction, Mr. Mahashavi retired from farming.

Heartless China

Warlike operations usually come to an end when the fighting strength of the enemy has been destroyed, the capital of the enemy country, or extensive enemy territory has been taken. The Japanese forces have already achieved all these objectives, and yet the enemy shows no sign of surrender. Kiangsu, Chekiang and Anhwei provinces have generally been regarded as the 'heart' of China in the sense of their vital importance to the existence of the country; but seeing that China has survived the loss of this 'heart' region, it may be said that China has never had a 'heart.' This shows that China is a very peculiar country, and in dealing with this peculiar State, exceptional measures must be adopted. As China may be likened to an animal of the lower stratum of life, it is quite conceivable that even if Hankow is occupied, she will not surrender!—*Chugai Shogyo*, Tokyo.

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Persons and Personages

Paul Henri Spaak

By Arved Arenstam

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

I DON'T know what Paul Henri Spaak, Belgium's new Premier, would say to it, but one is really forced to draw a comparison, although a distant one, between him and Léon Degrelle. He shares the hot-headed, youthful temperament of the Rexist leader, and they have in common an aversion to everything that is dead, bureaucratic, or rigid. It was not long ago that a somewhat younger Spaak raced through the streets of Brussels at the head of a group of fellow Socialists waving a red flag and personally smashing the windows of a Catholic newspaper which he hated. At Socialist youth meetings he was the great orator, always more radical than the others, always more impetuous—and he was always the leader. The past of Paul Henri Spaak is entirely 'red.' He was no royal Socialist of the type of the old theoretician Vandervelde, whom he worshipped platonically but whose restraint did not impress the young radical at all.

Spaak's radicalism, however, turned out to be only growing pains which the maturing statesman quickly overcame. When he was first called to Parliament, which today is still the training-school for a political career in Belgium, he became more moderate and soon developed into a so-called *Realpolitiker*. More quickly than any of his Party comrades he became 'Ministerial timber' and Premier Paul van Zeeland had no objection to appointing young Spaak Minister of Transportation. Spaak's noisy record as an agitator was soon forgotten; van Zeeland had made no mistake, for the young hothead became an excellent Minister.

Despite his youth—he was only thirty-six—he quickly established his authority over his Ministry; and he kept a cool head. He sat next to his Catholic colleagues and, strangely enough, got on with them better than the other Socialist Ministers. The Catholic nobles soon realized that young Spaak had a great deal of charm, that there was nothing basically revolutionary about him, and that one could get on with him excellently. Once a Minister, he proved an absolute realist, much less dogmatic than the other Socialist Ministers, and soon the contrast between him and Vandervelde, the aged Party leader, became obvious. Spaak held very up-to-date opinions. He did not adhere rigidly to the Party program, but preferred to go his own way.

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Van Zeeland, whose temperament was similar, gave Spaak the Foreign Ministry when he formed his second Cabinet. In this capacity Spaak also made a name for himself and commanded respect; it was he who inspired the young King to deliver the famous speech asserting Belgium's neutrality which marked a turning point in the country's foreign policy. This new policy was in striking contrast to the line which the Party had hitherto followed. The Socialists in France and England frowned: who did young Spaak think he was? But Spaak insisted upon the necessity for realism, felt astoundingly superior to his critics and finally succeeded in winning over a parliamentary majority to the new course. Since then he has been regarded as Belgium's coming man.

THE new Belgian Premier springs from a famous family which has given the country many distinguished statesmen, jurists and scientists. He grew up in surroundings in which politics, and liberal politics at that, had been cherished for generations. Paul Henri is, with the exception of his mother, the first Socialist in the Spaak family. Paul Janson, the great People's Tribune, once the leader of progressive liberalism, was his grandfather. His mother was the first woman member of the Belgian Senate, and his father abandoned a promising political career to devote himself to poetry.

Paul Emile Janson, Minister under three Belgian Kings, is his uncle. Janson had his nephew brought before him after the smashing of the windows of the *Nation Belge*. 'My boy,' the old gentleman said, 'I shall be forced to put you into jail.' 'I shall take revenge some day,' said the unrepentant nephew. Uncle Paul did not put Spaak into jail, but made him his Foreign Minister instead.

The new Premier has learned and observed a great deal. He made a name for himself as a young lawyer, especially as a defender of Communists and anarchists in political trials, and he pleaded for Rosa, the man who had tried to assassinate the Italian Crown Prince Umberto in Brussels.

At Geneva he attracted attention because of his pleasant manners, his frankness in dealing with the press, and because of his strange slouch hat. Never before had the League of Nations seen such an odd headgear: its brim is so wide, that—so it is claimed—Spaak has it made to order since no hat shop keeps the style in stock. Spaak's round face almost disappears under this black monstrosity and the Minister grins slyly in the absurd belief that no one recognizes him.

Geneva loved young Spaak, despite the quite un-Socialist doubts he expressed about the practical value of collective security and the League Covenant. His wit was native and his *bon mots* famous. When he appeared, a fresh wind seemed to blow through the halls of Geneva; it

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was realized with annoyance and astonishment that this Socialist was no great friend of Pacts.

Between important meetings Spaak used to play tennis, for he is very proficient at the game. He had the courage to defeat the aged King of Sweden in the presence of King Leopold, although the octogenarian Gustaf had so far been permitted to defeat the most outstanding champions. Someone asked Spaak in amazement why he allowed himself to commit such a diplomatic *faux pas*. He replied: 'Am I a courtier like the other champions? I am a Socialist.'

Paul Henri Spaak is the youngest European Premier. He is thirty-nine, and may therefore claim the record after Pitt and Kerenski. On the other hand, he may have forgotten Meirowicz, Latvia's late Premier, who held office at thirty-five. Spaak's appointment to the leadership of the Belgian Government robs Degrelle of his chief argument—that the régime was senile and suffering from hardening of the arteries. Even Léon Degrelle is not enough of a demagogue to dare accuse the tennis champion Premier of this fault.

Eire's First President

By W. M. Crook

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

DOUGLAS HYDE, who has been elected first President of Eire under the new Constitution in the absence of opposition from any quarter, is one of the most remarkable of living Irishmen, possibly of living men. He is, I believe, less known in England than in any other English-speaking country. In the United States, where there are some sixteen millions of Irish people, and in all the great Dominions, his name and work are familiar, especially so in the United States. As a friend of his for nearly sixty years, may I try to give your readers some idea of the man and of his life achievement, to which his nomination to the highest post in Eire is due?

My acquaintance with him commenced toward the beginning of the last quarter of last century, when we were both undergraduates in Trinity College, Dublin. It soon ripened into a close friendship which has never been interrupted by a single cloud. One of the most human of human beings, he is inevitably one of the most lovable; of all the men I have ever known I think he is the most unlikely to have a single enemy.

The son of a clergyman in the Church of Ireland, he was born and bred in the West in County Roscommon, a part of the country where the mystery of Ireland still lingers, where Tir-na-nogue is a reality, and

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where people have seen and heard the Banshee—or believe they have. Douglas Hyde's great and varied gifts first dawned on me one morning when I was breakfasting in his rooms in Trinity College. He was reading for an Honors degree in Modern Literature as I was in Classics. Our conversation—I forget how—had strayed to that episode in the Iliad where Sleep and Death carried the body of Sarpedon, who had been killed before Troy, through the air to his home in Lycia.

Suddenly I realized that Douglas Hyde, whom I had regarded as a comparative ignoramus in Classics, was steeped in the poems of Homer, not as exercises in a dead language, but as living and immortal literature. I had attended the lectures of such scholars as John Kells Ingram, Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, Arthur Palmer and John Pentland Mahaffy. Of these Mahaffy alone had conveyed something of the literary and creative power of these poems in a long-dead language. Here was a young undergraduate, reveling in their wealth of imagination, the melody and beauty of their language, not caring at all for the grammatical niceties, knowledge of which was so essential to passing searching examinations in them successfully.

I knew Douglas Hyde was a good linguist, already well-read in the literatures of France and Germany and Italy, as well as that of England. Also that he knew some Hebrew, for at that time he seemed to intend to follow in the footsteps of his father and enter the Church. He was a Divinity student—I believe he actually took his B.D. degree, though he has never used it; but very soon he came to the conclusion that that was not his mission in life; his call was otherwhere.

When I had recovered from my first astonishment, I asked him how many languages he really knew. At the end of the enumeration which covered those mentioned above, he added quietly and modestly, Irish. Here was another surprise. Though a sizarship in Irish was offered annually by the college, there were few Irish sizars, and it was almost a shock to find that a student whom I knew so well was that rare thing in Trinity in those days, an Irish scholar.

I asked him if he could talk and write Irish, and he replied, yes. He had spoken it almost as soon as he spoke English; he always dreamed in Irish, not in English, and he had written much in Irish. Asked if he had published any of it, he said, no. He had tried some of the Irish newspapers, but none had a font of Irish type. He got a Chicago newspaper to accept some manuscripts, but the editor informed him that it was no good printing in Irish, as his readers would not understand it; so the editor engaged O'Donovan Rossa, an Irish exile, banished for his share in the Fenian rising, to translate some of Hyde's contributions, which the Chicago paper published in English. Nothing Irish of his had then seen the light.

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After a brilliant university career, of which the distinctions included First of the First-class Honors in Modern Literature with a large gold medal, the Vice-Chancellor's Prize in English Prose and an LL.D. degree, Hyde left Ireland in 1891 for a short time to act as *locum tenens* for a friend who was Professor of Modern Languages in the University of New Brunswick.

Before leaving Ireland he had already become known as a great Celtic scholar, having published one or two books both in Irish and in English. After his return he started in 1893 what has really been his life's work, the foundation of the Gaelic League, of which he became the first president and remained in office for twenty-two years. The object of the League was to revive Gaelic culture in its widest sense; to revive not only the study and use of the language and the literature, but the arts, customs, games, dress, etc., of the Gaelic people. The League was non-political, but it naturally appealed mainly to the Nationalists and among them especially to the young. The enthusiasts of the Gaelic League were largely stimulated by the success of the Czechs in restoring their language—almost dead at the beginning of the nineteenth century—to its place as the language of the nation ere that century closed.

After Parnell's death there was apparent an ever-widening gap between the political Nationalist Party and the Youth of Ireland. Parnell, though a constitutionalist and an opponent of physical force, held the wilder spirits in young Ireland by a mystic tie. John Redmond had no such hold on them. Alarmed by the increasingly patent fact that the political Nationalist Party was drawing no recruits from the ablest of the younger men, I spoke to John Redmond about it. He recognized the fact, but he did not seem in the least to realize the new spirit and intellectual life surging among the younger men and the immense strength behind that spirit.

I suggested to him that he should invite Douglas Hyde, who was the real leader of the youth of Ireland, to join the Nationalist Party. John Redmond was not averse to the idea, but was not enthusiastic about it. However, he invited Douglas Hyde to the next Patrick's Day banquet in London and asked him to propose the toast of 'Ireland, a Nation,' which he did. John Redmond embraced the opportunity of sounding Hyde as to whether he would join the Nationalist Party. Hyde took time to consider it, but ultimately declined the offer, because he felt in honor bound to the numerous Unionists who had joined the Gaelic League on the ground that it was non-political, and that if he became a Nationalist M.P. he could not remain President of the League, which would probably be destroyed by his action. A wise and far-seeing decision.

The gap between the Nationalist Party and young Ireland widened until in 1916, to the astonishment of the Irish Nationalists and of the

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English people, the once all-powerful Nationalist Party was wiped out by the uprising of young Ireland, of whose existence and power both Irish and English politicians seemed inexplicably unaware. This powerful new movement, which was the offspring of the Gaelic League, called itself 'Sinn Fein.' Its name—which means 'We ourselves'—shows its ultimate inspiration. About 1888 there appeared in Dublin a small volume of poems, mostly anonymous, by various hands. One of these—they were all written in English—was called *The Marching Song of the Gaelic Athletes*. It was a spirited little poem, of which the refrain, 'In ourselves we trust alone,' expressed its soul. It was by Douglas Hyde.

From that acorn idea of self-reliance the oak of the Gaelic League and of Sinn Fein, which was its offshoot, grew. Much of its development was unpalatable to Hyde, especially when it became political, and resulted in his resignation of the Presidency of the League. His mission is spiritual and intellectual. He has never been an active politician, though he has served as a member of the Senate in the Irish Parliament. He is essentially a man of peace, a unifier, not a divider, of men. Hyde's work in Ireland inspired that self-reliance, till then largely wanting, which has made modern Ireland under Mr. de Valera what it is today.

Next to religion, the spirit of nationality is the most powerful spiritual force in the world. It reshaped Europe in the nineteenth century, and though it is unfashionable to say so just now, it is reshaping Europe—and the world—in the twentieth century. The cult of materialism has blinded the eyes of many to these facts. Douglas Hyde's life and successful achievement give the lie to many present-day beliefs. To the temporarily-revived faith in force, to the worship of economic materialism, Eire today gives the best answer. Here is a man humane, modest, courageous, indefatigable in the pursuit of an ideal, who at the close of a long and wonderful life is raised by his fellow-countymen to the highest position they have it in their power to bestow. All sections of thought in Eire unite in approval of that choice. No man could ask for a higher reward and no man ever better deserved it.

Farewell to Ossietzky

By Finn and Inger Lie

Translated from *Dagbladet*, Oslo Liberal Daily

[*Carl von Ossietzky, German pacifist and winner of the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1936, who had been imprisoned for his views by the Nazi Government since they came to power, had many friends abroad who never ceased trying to obtain his final release and transfer to a sanatorium in Norway or*

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Switzerland. Although the German authorities called Ossietzky a 'free man,' he remained in Berlin, the climate of which aggravated his condition. He died on May 4th. Mr. and Mrs. Lie, a Norwegian couple, were the last friends to see Ossietzky. THE EDITORS]

OSSIETZKY was pale and emaciated, and when we shook hands we knew instantly how weak he was. But his clear, blue eyes sparkled and were full of joy at our visit. He had had only three or four visitors in his two years at Nordend Hospital. All his friends had disappeared or did not dare to come to see him.

We spoke about problems concerning religion, literature and pacifism. Ossietzky spoke almost incessantly. His conversation revealed how infinitely aloof he was from all violence and that his pacifist views had remained unchanged. It was not hard to understand that he must have made the German potentates feel very uncomfortable. He had not lost his deft irony, but he showed not the slightest trace of bitterness against his torturers. His attitude toward them was merely one of forgiving pity, which, I must admit, moved us to tears.

Ossietzky was living with his wife in a tiny, simply furnished room. But he rejected the possibility of moving into a better-equipped hospital. 'Here I feel safe. Here they cannot get at me,' he said. He had unlimited confidence in Dr. Dosquet, the managing physician of the hospital which he called the 'Magic Mountain of the poor.'

When a maid entered the room with toast and tea, we could see how terribly weakened Ossietzky was. Although he held his cup with both hands, it shook so that he could hardly drink. I also noticed that his teeth were completely destroyed, without anything being done for their treatment. He confided that he could not retain any nourishment, and he coughed frequently. After the excitement of the Wannow Trial he had had a renewed attack of pleurisy (Wannow, a German lawyer, had cheated Ossietzky out of most of the Nobel Prize money and was recently sentenced to a prison term).

It was Ossietzky's burning desire to reach a sanatorium abroad in order to recover his health. Dr. Dosquet, with whom we discussed this question later, felt that his condition would make travel inadvisable at that time, but that Ossietzky could leave if he wished. 'Ossietzky is a free man,' he said. To our question whether he believed his patient might soon die, Dr. Dosquet answered with a categorical 'No.' He expressed his willingness to have Ossietzky examined by a Norwegian physician and promised to inform us about his condition every week. Ossietzky himself did not believe that our efforts would be successful. 'But even if nothing came of it,' he told us comfortingly, while saying goodby, 'I still have something to live for for a long time.' He died a few days later.

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Mr. Barnes declares that the sun is about to set on the British Empire.

Outlook *for* Empire

By J. S. Barnes

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Political and Literary Monthly

THE vast majority of British people are exceedingly proud of their Empire. Nevertheless, it is curious to note that the adjective 'Imperialist' has earned an evil connotation in their minds. It is characteristic of the English to avoid thinking things out and to be especially averse to looking unpleasant facts in the face. Yet they have a very shrewd instinct for the realities of a situation and instinctively adapt themselves to it. The reality of which the British today are instinctively aware, but are afraid consciously to name, is their national decadence.

There is no doubt at all that in the not very distant future the British Empire is fated to meet a crisis from which it is not likely to recover without grave loss. The present program of rearmament is a desperate effort to reëstablish lost positions. When the program is completed there may be a dangerous moment for the peace of Europe, because many influential English people will instinctively feel that the only chance of saving the Empire is by a successful war. The danger, however, is likely to pass, because the country is not morally prepared for war and the risks of defeat would be great. The decline will then steadily set in again, and only a revolution would have any chance of stopping it—an event not to be expected, because the decline is not likely to be so rapid at first as to cause grave disorder or grave suffering, and because a true revolution means a moral change of which there are at present no signs of growth whatever. A purely political or economic revolution would probably not suffice to save the situation.

Between twenty and thirty years hence the population of Great Britain will begin to fall at an alarming speed. At present only seven females enter the child-bearing age for every ten who leave it each year. If this rate is maintained and the present birth rate remains constant, it means that within the space of a generation the population will drop by 30 per cent.

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There is every probability that, by the census of 1971, the population of Great Britain will have fallen to below 35,000,000—perhaps as low as 30,000,000. After that date the decline is likely to become disastrous. In any case, it will be very difficult for a people in these conditions to maintain an empire, scattered all over the world like the British Empire, difficult and expensive to defend, and in many parts, as in India, ripe for revolt.

The populations of the self-governing Dominions—Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada—are also showing signs of stagnation. Great Britain cannot therefore rely on the Dominions to help her out of her difficulties. They are destined to remain either too insignificant, demographically speaking, to be of much help, or else, for all intents and purposes, to secede.

As for India, things are boiling up there for a very serious crisis indeed. The Indian masses are awakening very rapidly. Communism is spreading. In fifteen to twenty years' time the situation in India will have become very dangerous. The trade union movement will have become organized, as well as the agrarian. Both will be animated by Communist and nationalist ideals. With a population of 400,000,000, an awakened India which is determined to be rid of British rule will be well-nigh irresistible. Nor will the British be able for long to rely on the loyalty of the Moslem section of the population. Nationalism is gaining ground also among the Moslems.

Afghanistan is now modernizing herself and building up a respectable army. She is in alliance with Persia. That she cherishes the ambition to expand in the direction of the Moslem Provinces of India is unquestionable; and if, at an opportune moment she elects to stake her ambitions on the result of a war, she will have a very fair chance of success. The Northwest Frontier tribes would rise to a man on her side and the British would not be able to rely on the Moslem troops, which are her best. Russia, moreover, would be at Afghanistan's elbow, supplying her with arms, technical advisers and volunteers—for Russia, whatever form of government she will have in twenty years' time, is not going to change her aims, which are, as ever, to reach the warm seas; and her new technique is far more formidable than her old. She has given up the idea of conquering Persia and Afghanistan and Northwest India; and looks forward rather to embracing these countries in a confederation.

II

Great Britain's economic situation is also by no means promising. The present boom is temporary and is sure to be followed by a slump soon after the rearmament program is completed. Unemployment, which even in the present boom is greater than 1,400,000 without counting 1,000,000 unemployables in receipt of poor relief, will rise again. Costs will rise and there will be a greater resort to machine production. The burden of maintaining the unemployed will have to be spread on fewer shoulders. Overseas trade is also destined to shrink, because for technical reasons, as well as for reasons of defense, foreign countries are becoming more industrialized and self-sufficient.

To sum up: things look very black for Great Britain in the long view.

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Nor is the picture brightened by the steadily increasing figures on suicides, broken marriages, lunacy and mental defectives. There is also the growing power of Japan to be reckoned with—hungry for land and with the empty continent of Australia within reach—and probably also of a regenerated China, swiftly modernizing herself with Japanese technical assistance. Nearer home both Italy and Germany will, within twenty-five years, reach the zenith of their demographic increase with populations of over 50,000,000 and 85,000,000 respectively. The economic and financial situation of both these countries, which already enjoy a magnificent morale and sense of unity, will be greatly improved. Great Britain's decline will therefore be not only absolute but also relative to the situation in which other great Powers give promise of finding themselves.

Many people in England are instinctively aware of the plight into which their Empire is drifting and are instinctively adapting their minds, by decrying Imperialism, to the forthcoming inevitable retreat from glory. Another reason for the widespread decrying of Imperialism in England today is a matter of policy, coupled with the well-known English national defect of self-righteous hypocrisy. The spread of pacifism and the pursuit of collective security are due to the same cause: an awareness that the defense of the Empire is becoming an increasingly difficult problem and the hope that others may be induced in the name of Peace to help Great Britain to maintain indefinitely the *status quo*.

To pose as a tamed lion ready to lie down with the lamb, to pretend that the Empire is an unfortunate reality due to a past age which has now been succeeded by a more enlightened one and to excuse her refusal to give it up on the grounds that this would mean handing it over to less worthy imperialist Powers and so betraying her trust—all this is quite sound policy for a Power which is feeling the effects of old age and is no longer sure of itself. It is also quite good propaganda.

Finally, the English of the twentieth century are rightly ashamed of much that was done in the nineteenth century, the century of utilitarianism, of unregulated individualism, of competitive capitalism—the century in which the Empire reached its zenith. They now realize that their Imperialism has been largely a matter of commercial and financial exploitation of the weak by the strong. Their consciences genuinely prick them on this account. Moreover, English people have very little historical sense, logical sense, or imagination. They understand very little of anything except what they can touch or see. They are essentially empiricists. The only Imperialism they know anything about is their own, and therefore, in the face of a guilty conscience about much of their own Imperial achievements, they pass from the particular to the general and are inclined nowadays to propound the theory that all Imperialism is a wicked thing.

III

This is not hypocrisy, but muddled thinking. Imperial expansion in one way or another is the fatal necessity of every people which is full of a great vitality and creative energy. Imperialism is therefore not to be con-

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demned as such, but to be judged by its achievements. If the achievements are, on balance, good (for nothing is perfect), a given Imperialism is justified. If not, it deserves to be destroyed.

It is a reflection on the British achievement that so many English people have come to the conclusion that Imperialism is inherently wicked. They have forgotten the example of Rome, to which the modern world owes almost everything, directly or indirectly. They do not realize—partly because they are still themselves the victims of doctrinaire Liberalism and of its economic counterpart, Capitalism—that the empires of the twentieth century will be very different from the empires of the nineteenth century. They have not yet faced the fact that the twentieth century is going to be the century of Fascism and that Fascism is the revival under modern conditions of the spirit of Rome.

Those few who do realize this fact are apt to react against it. For the predominant culture of Great Britain is Protestant and therefore traditionally anti-Roman. This, indeed, is the main trouble at the back of Anglo-Italian relations. Englishmen are instinctively aghast that the Rome which they thought dead has risen again.

The key to understanding British Imperialism lies in the biggest fact of British history—namely, that for one thousand years Great Britain was Catholic and that for not yet four hundred years has she been Protestant. Her culture is accordingly only Protestant above ground. Its roots are Catholic. Her Imperialism is therefore a blend of two traditions: the Carthaginian, as I like to call it, or Protestant tradition—and the Roman, or Catholic.

There is no reason for the English people to be ashamed of their Empire. If only they possessed the vitality for a moral revolution, meaning a return to their Roman origins, they could reform their Empire and make it the glorious thing it promised to be. Unfortunately, this vitality appears to be lacking; and the great majority of the British people, who are proud of their Empire, are really only proud of their power. That is not enough, for the British Empire needs reforming—not in the way it is being reformed at present, by a succession of surrenders to agitation, but by strong and sympathetic rule, directed to improve the lot of the masses and to nourish them with something besides bread alone.

The record of British administration all the world over is an admirable one—a truly Roman one, honest and efficient. The rule of law has been introduced everywhere, and equality before the law. Opportunity to rise from the lowest rung on the social ladder to the highest has been secured for all in a measure previously unknown. The example of character, devotion to duty, fearlessness and hard, conscientious work, has been magnificently displayed for the edification of millions. This is something to be proud of indeed; and young imperialist nations like Italy have plenty to learn, not only from British experience, but also from British example.

IV

There is, however, another side to the picture—the Carthaginian side, which is due to the unregulated individualism which was introduced by

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the Protestant culture and reached its climax during the past century when the British Empire was systematized. Even in the self-governing Dominions colonization has been mainly capitalistic—that is to say, the aim of the agricultural settler has been not so much to settle permanently on the land but to make his fortune, sell his land, and retire. This is the exact opposite of the Roman tradition, which sets use above profit.

During the nineteenth century it was considered economic heresy to disturb the interplay of individual interests pursuing wealth. It was considered political heresy for Governments to engage in economic and social activities unless invited to do so by a strong demand from some quarter. The result of these theories was to circumscribe and severely limit the excellent intentions of the civil servants of the British Empire who, recruited for the most part from among the younger sons of an aristocracy descended from the Normans and educated on the classics, were imbued with genuine Roman traditions.

Their work was done well. Their sins were sins of omission rather than of commission. While they freed the peoples of the Empire from the tyranny of corrupt and arbitrary rule, they allowed them to be delivered over to the tyranny of the capitalist or the rapacious landlord.

In India, for example, the village industries came to be destroyed by industrialism, with the result that the peasant's lot is now economically worse than before the advent of British rule. He has lost part of his traditional means of livelihood, prices for him have risen, and he has become the prey of the moneylender. Debt pursues him and his heirs to the grave. Little has been done for him because he was unorganized and inarticulate. His voice was unable to formulate any compelling demand on the Government for action, which accordingly left him to his fate. Famine relief and medical assistance in times of epidemic were accorded to him, but very little else.

Organized capital was articulate enough. It demanded railways and arterial roads, the right to finance irrigation and other great public works (but always on a strictly commercial, profit-making basis), ports, telephones and modern equipment of every description. The Government accepted these demands and India has consequently been equipped with all kinds of magnificent and up-to-date plant. This has made the country's resources accessible and brought about numberless indirect benefits. It has helped the great majority of the people to increase in numbers without the previous periodical scourges of famine which kept numbers down to within the margin of subsistence. But the effect has been less to improve the lot of the masses than to improve the opportunity of the capitalists, British first and later Indian. Terrible slums have consequently been allowed to grow up in the great industrialized cities, and the vast majority of Indians remain under-paid and underfed, ignorant, badly housed, filthy, diseased and subservient.

Similarly, education was afforded with a view to creating a middle class of clerks with a knowledge of English to staff the offices of the bureaucracy and the great English commercial and industrial houses. Little was done, however, for genuine culture. Indian

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craftsmanship has waned; India's artistic life has withered. Little has been done either to revive the great traditions of Indian art and philosophy or to introduce European culture as distinct from European mechanical technique. Lord Curzon was one of the few Viceroys who cared sufficiently for culture to leave his mark in this field. He rescued the decaying monuments of India's past civilization, restored them and saw to it that they would be preserved. But there is little else to show in this respect within British India today. There are no great collections of art, there is no live theater, no music. There is, indeed, no artistic life whatever beyond that in the Indian tradition which is fostered by a handful of enlightened maharajahs. India has become a cultural desert despite one hundred and fifty years of British rule.

V

The Protestant tradition is also responsible for the segregation of the conquered from the conquerors, and consequently for the growth of racial hatred. The English have not sought to make friends with educated Indians, many of whom are as good as any European. The bureaucracy has become more and more complicated, aloof and inhuman. The great Indian poet Tagore has aptly likened it 'to those American patent foods which the human hand has never touched'—pure and uncorrupt, but soulless. Nothing has therefore been done to create an Imperial patriotism. On the contrary, the sentiment of the country is centrifugal. It aspires to complete separation from Britain at the earliest opportunity. Yet if Britain leaves India, the lot of the Indian will be worse than ever. Internecine strife, the sacking of cities, rape and murder, economic disaster and disunity will follow inevitably.

The same desire to be rid of British rule is universal among the peoples of other countries conquered by Britain —Ireland, Malta, Cyprus, Palestine, Egypt, Ceylon, Burma. They all tell the same tale. Only in some parts of Polynesia and Negro Africa are the benefits of British rule positively appreciated—probably owing to the fact that these peoples are so primitive that the white man is still something of a god to them.

Italy is still an imperial Power in infancy. But the difference between the Roman and Carthaginian, the Catholic and the Protestant ideas of empire can be seen in comparing Rhodes with Cyprus. The Roman spirit is limited in Cyprus to the efficient and just administration bestowed for the past sixty years by the British officials. But the Carthaginian spirit is exemplified there by the continued primitive state of the agriculture, the destruction of the forests, the poor facilities for education, the decay of the ancient monuments, the absence of governmental initiative to develop the island, the lack of all intercourse, beyond the bare formalities, between the Greeks and the British. As the *Times* has stated in a leading article, 'It is no credit to fifty years of British rule that in 1933 the Cypriot peasantry were eating weeds and owed something like £2,000,000 to the moneylender.'

In Rhodes, on the other hand, the Italians have already, in the space of only fifteen years, created a terrestrial paradise. Agriculture has been improved, model farms and traveling

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agricultural schools created; forests have been protected and reafforestation pushed forward; schools, including facilities for higher and technical education, have been multiplied; the ancient monuments have been restored; local industries have been fostered; magnificent roads and hotels have been built; pure water supply, irrigation and hygiene have been introduced. At the same time Greeks and Italians of the same class meet socially on an equal footing and interchange ideas. Already there is a movement among the Greeks toward a sense of imperial loyalty; and even those Greeks who are still passionately desirous of eventual union with Greece are appreciative of the benefits of Italian rule. One prominent Greek irredentist confessed to me that 'when the Dodecanese comes to be united with Greece, ours will be—thanks to the Italians—the most progressive area in the whole kingdom.'

Roman rule insists on respect for authority. Carthaginian rule is more tolerant of disloyalties and the outward expression of political opinion. It prides itself on this liberal spirit. But it is doubtful to what extent the subject races benefit from it. It merely invites rebellion, and then there is only the alternative of surrender or ruthless repression.

The introduction of democratic and parliamentary reforms in India are entirely unsuited to the country. They will lead to much corruption and a costlier administration, when precious money is needed for social reform. All that can be said in favor of these changes is that they have made the demand for social reform articulate and brought British and Indian into closer contact with each other. But under Roman rule it is not necessary to create the cumbrous and corrupt institutions of parliamentary democracy in order to bring about these beneficial results; for Roman rule aims spontaneously at assimilation and social uplift, and its Catholic tradition makes for that human intercourse which is indispensable for a permanent association between the conquerors and the conquered. The essence of Roman Imperialism is architectural—the dream of building something both permanent and beautiful.

This is the spirit animating Fascist Italy. Rhodes and Libya already afford examples of the new type of twentieth-century empire, which is destined to take the place of the nineteenth-century type. For the latter there is no future. It must either reform or disappear without leaving behind it a trace.

Do Not Disturb!

My suggestion is that news broadcast on Sunday at 8.50 be strictly curtailed to include only important items and deleting references to the Spanish and Japanese conflicts, and such items which are disturbing to the desirable peace of the Day of Rest.—Letter in *Radio Times*, London.

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Arab violence against Britain in Palestine and against France in Tunis is reported by observers on the scene.

On the Arab Front

I. Terror in Palestine

By Georges Meyer

Translated from *Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

TERROR has reigned in Palestine for more than two years. Since April 19, 1936, when the extreme Nationalist Arab faction began to use violence in its feud against the British and the Jews, there has been a seemingly endless succession of political murders, attempted assassinations and destructions of property. Although nearly a division of British troops, and experts in handling underground revolts from India and other parts of the Empire, were dispatched to the Holy Land late in 1936, they have thus far been unable to restore order and reëstablish British authority.

This reign of terror is the result of a vast conspiracy, the leaders of which have found refuge abroad, where they enjoy an astonishing immunity from seizure or control, although their identities are perfectly known. During 1937, the agents of this insurrectionist junta committed 194 assassinations, numbering among their victims British officers, soldiers and officials, Jewish colonists and townsmen, Christian Arabs and many Moslem Arabs who were accused of being lukewarm to the policy of terrorism directed by the former Mufti of Jerusalem and his clique.

Most of the leaders of the insurrection, whether Palestinians, Syrians, or Kurds, took an active part in the Druze uprising against the French in 1925. They form a kind of executive committee which transmits orders from the old Mufti, Amin El Husseini, who is now living at El-Zouk, near Beirut, to various groups engaged in recruiting, contraband in arms, in raids and in propaganda. The committee is composed of twenty members resident in Syria and all are well known to the Syrian and Palestinian authorities. They meet regularly at a house in the Salhiyeh district of Damascus, and from this headquarters they send out detailed instructions to

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the terrorist bands operating in Palestine and arrange for reinforcements of men and arms.

There are many motives in the mind of Amin El Husseini. He desires to raise up the Arab world against British authority, to block the creation of a Jewish State and to prevent any peaceful solution of the Palestine problem, as well as to forward his own political ambitions and gain fame throughout the Moslem world as a 'Defender of the Faith.' In his campaign to realize these aims, Amin devised a threefold program: first, the prosecution of a relentless terrorist drive against the British and Jews in Northern Palestine and the cities of Nablus, Jerusalem, Haifa and Jaffa, where Arab fanaticism was a weapon ready to his hand; second, an unstinted use of religious and political propaganda; and third, the exploitation of party disputes in neighboring Arab countries for the profit of the Nationalist cause in Palestine.

In recent months, the task of recruiting mercenaries to reinforce the guerrilla bands in Palestine has been made easier by the committee's decision to increase the pay. The chance to pillage 'rich' Jewish settlements is always stressed, and it is an almost irresistible inducement to restless tribesmen who dwell along the edge of the Syrian desert. And there are other likely prospects. Not long ago, agents of the ex-Mufti in Damascus secured the services of a considerable number of footloose Moroccans, Circassians and Armenians. It is probable, however, that Druze tribesmen form a majority in the terrorist bands.

Amin El Husseini maintains agents in all the cities and chief villages of Palestine. They are especially numerous and necessary for his purpose along the Syrian frontier. All are well paid. The terrorist insurrection obviously has large funds at its disposal, and important contributions are known to have come recently from India, Iraq, Egypt, Germany and other foreign sources. Amin takes charge of these funds, and himself attends to the financing of the insurrection.

The chiefs of the bands now operating in Palestine have reported to the ex-Mufti that they have enough men to carry out the raids assigned to them, but that there is a shortage of capable and energetic officers. Quite recently, two Syrians, former officers in the Imperial Turkish army who have a perfect knowledge of the terrain in Palestine, were sent across the frontier by the insurrectionist junta. One examined the situation in Northern Palestine, the other went to the south. They have now prepared detailed plans for future operations, but because of their lack of education and military experience, none of the present leaders of the bands is capable of carrying out these plans. So they confine themselves to pillage and to guerrilla attacks within a limited radius from their mountain retreats.

Amin El Husseini and his clique are seriously concerned over the problem of finding capable field leaders. Last year's commanders, Fauzi Kaukji and Dr. Amin Ruweiha, found Palestine too hot for them, left their posts and refused to reassume active direction of the bands. And the two Syrian officers mentioned above, El Ashmar and Mujahidin, intend to take no further part in the Palestinian feud. No one capable of acting as commander-in-chief of the terrorist bands has yet been found. The vigor with which the

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British forces have been trying to destroy the bands is partly responsible, and heavy losses among the terrorists account for their increase in pay.

II

Passing the frontier into Palestine is scarcely a problem for the terrorists. The routes between Syria and Palestine are regarded as virtually open, and every day groups of Amin El Husseini's followers enter and leave Palestine without difficulty or danger. There is almost never an arrest. The passage along the Lebanon range is, however, regarded as the safest. Following that route the terrorists reach the hills around Safed, from which most of their raids in Northern Palestine are conducted.

Arms and ammunition are, of course, the essential requirement of the bands, and they are provided by two committees of the junta. These function separately, one buying munitions in the Lebanon Republic, Syria, Turkey and abroad, the other forwarding them to certain depots. One of these depots is located in the Maidan quarter of Damascus. Shipment of the contraband arms from the depots into Palestine presents hardly any difficulties, especially by the Syrian routes, for the terrorists are aided by the Syrian police and frontier officials, and even by officials of the Ministry of the Interior. Although the contraband traffic in arms has been heavy for more than two years, not a single gun-runner has yet been arrested in Syria. Officials of the Lebanon Republic are stricter, or less sympathetic, or less corruptible than their Syrian colleagues, for several shipments of arms destined for the terrorist bands in Palestine have been seized before they reached the frontier.

Many of the rifles which are finding their way to Palestine are an old German model which the Kurds have kept since the war and which they are glad to sell for a good price; there are also many rifles and cartridges of British make. As for modern arms, such as machine guns and automatic rifles, and their ammunition, they come from Europe by ship and are unloaded secretly at certain points on the Syrian and Palestinian coast. A considerable quantity of arms also comes in from the villages east of the Jordan. The bombs which the terrorists use so frequently are mostly manufactured in Palestine, but some are run in from Syria.

It is astonishing that after two years of grave disorders, which are directly traceable to the passage of arms and terrorists across the frontiers of Palestine, there should be an obvious insufficiency of customs posts and frontier guards. And not only are the posts few and weak, but very often the Syrian and Palestinian guards are in the pay of the terrorists, hiding them in case of danger and advising them when the route into Palestine is again clear. The frontiers are also usually open in the other direction, if a terrorist band is being pursued by British troops. On December 25th of last year, for example, a group of bandits was forced to make for the frontier after a small pitched battle near Tiberias. The guards at the frontier post did nothing to stop them, and, when they reached Damascus, those who had been wounded were welcomed at the Syrian National Hospital and taken under the protection of its director. He refused to allow the

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French authorities to interrogate them and the Syrian police regarded the members of the band as political refugees.

The ex-Mufti has a very modern appreciation of the value of propaganda, and he has already gone far toward achieving his aim of covering the Near East with a network of organizations to disseminate favorable publicity about his movement. At Baghdad, a 'Palestine Defense Committee' has charge of this work; at Damascus, it is the 'Office of Propaganda and Publicity for Nationalist Palestine;' in Cairo there are many active agents who work in close cooperation with their colleagues in Palestine, Syria and Iraq. All these organizations and agents must carry out the orders issued by Amin El Husseini from his 'temporary' capital at El-Zouk.

While enjoying the protection of France since his flight from Jerusalem, the ex-Mufti has abused the right of asylum. His machinations and his active warfare against the Palestine Government constitute a real threat to the peace of the Near East. French and British interests alike in this nerve-center of the Arab world are menaced by Amin's xenophobia. The mounting toll of murders in Palestine makes it imperative that a territory placed under French authority shall not give refuge to the instigators of the crimes. France should heed the earnest solicitations of the British authorities and take immediate steps in Syria and Lebanon to end the present intolerable situation.

II. Tunis Clamors for Autonomy

By Elizabeth Monroe

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

On APRIL 9th serious rioting in Tunis caused the death of a French policeman, and led to the proclamation of martial law. On the 12th a significant article appeared in the Italian Press. The Roman paper *Tevere* warned France that 'Communist riots in Tunisia . . . threaten the Mediterranean exactly as the disorders in Red Spain threaten to upset the Mediterranean equilibrium.' The *Tevere* went on to remind its readers that Italy was directly interested in the maintenance of order in Tunisia on account of the large numbers of Italians living in the territory.

The Italian Press, which needs a butt for its adverse criticism in order to offset the superlatives which it applies to Fascism, has at the moment cast the French for that rôle. The *Tevere* article reflects an opinion widely held in Italy; the perpetual news of strikes and Cabinet crises in Paris is causing many Italians to talk of France as a dying nation, and to picture the day when they will share in the division of her heritage.

These two items of news—the riots on the one hand, the *Tevere* article on the other—at once provoke a leading question: Do the disturbances betoken a state of affairs in Tunisia which Italy could exploit to her advantage?

The slogans which inspired the Tunisian rioters prove at a glance

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that the causes of unrest are nothing new. '*Il nous faut un gouvernement national et un parlement!*' '*Le pouvoir aux Tunisiens!*' '*À bas les privilèges!*' The phrases, and the emotions which they convey, are almost identical with those which stirred the Egyptians and Syrians to riot until they secured their respective treaties. Nor are the sentiments new to Tunisia. They have been displayed for the last decade by the Tunisian independence party—which is called the Destour, meaning 'constitution'—and are simply a manifestation of the great independence movement which has stirred the Moslem world in every territory (except Algeria) from Morocco to the Persian Gulf.

Of France's three North African territories, Tunisia is the easiest to handle in that its population is the smallest, the most compact, and the most easily subdued by a display of might. On the other hand, it is the most obstreperous for reasons which do not apply in Algeria or Morocco.

In the first place, it faces east. Contrary to the deduction which a student might draw from a map, it belongs to the Eastern, not the Western, Mediterranean. Its people scarcely heed developments in Algiers, but are deeply interested in news from Egypt. They read the Egyptian press; they pick up Cairo on their radios, and they feel many reverberations of eastern unrest which do not yet penetrate to Algeria and Morocco. The town of Tunis possesses a relatively large educated class which is nearly as cultivated as its counterpart in Cairo, and which is aware that it is far readier for self-government than is Syria or Iraq. The Tunisians therefore clamor for a 'treaty,' though they realize that France is less likely to grant this privilege to them than to Syria because of the greater strategic importance which she attaches to their territory. They know that she cannot afford to loose her hold on her great base at Biserta.

II

The effect of this Eastern influence is increased by local characteristics. '*Le Marocain, c'est un lion; l'Algérien, c'est un homme; le Tunisien, c'est une femme,*' says the proverb, and the Tunisian displays his femininity chiefly in his virulent tongue. He devotes his lively intelligence to grumbling, at which he is a past master. He seldom puts forward a constructive idea, but his brain seems to thrive on discontent.

Moreover, his grievances are not all unfounded. Most Frenchmen will admit that Tunisia is the blackest spot in their imperial administration, and that their greatest mistake there has been the education of the Tunisian to a level that qualifies him for government posts, while simultaneously filling most of those posts with Frenchmen. What is more, the Frenchman always gets higher pay for equal work, even when that work is only driving a tram or delivering the letters. That is why the Tunisian, who has been educated in the same school as his French neighbor and has passed the same examinations, cries '*À bas les privilèges,*' in his newspapers and on the sandwich-boards which he parades during demonstrations.

Nor has his temper been improved by the French custom of awarding colonial governorships in recognition of party merit and by the consequent

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reversals of policy which follow every general election in France. In the last three years he has witnessed a violent swing from the iron-handed rule of M. Peyrouton, a nominee of the French Right, who banned the Destour's newspapers and exiled its leaders to the Sahara, to the sweet reasonableness of M. Guillon, an ex-prefect of Lille, appointed by the Front Populaire, who bustles round the territory haranguing illiterate Arab strikers as if their mentality were that of the workers of his home town. No wonder the Tunisian is puzzled and disturbed.

Naturally, the presence of 95,000 Italians in Tunisia does not simplify France's political problem. On the other hand, it does not complicate her dealings with the Moslems. On balance, it probably eases them. For though Frenchmen often accuse Italian agitators of stirring the Moslem crowd, there is another side to the medal. The Moslems may hate French rule, but they hate Italian rule still more. They advocate self-government, but—except when they lose their heads, as they seem to be doing at present—they advocate it *within the French Empire*. Sensibly enough, they realize that they are too weak to stand alone, and they think French 'protection' a lesser evil than its alternative, 'protection' by Italy.

They will never make common cause with the Italians against France—and this for two reasons. The first is that they have received more sympathetic treatment under the French Left than the French Right, and therefore hold decidedly Left-wing views. The Destour is hand in glove with the Tunisian unions. They hate Fascism and are under no illusions as to its nature, for they see it paraded before their eyes by their Italian co-citizens.

The second reason is equally potent: they are well informed upon events in Libya. They know that Italy rules her colony with a stern hand, and they have not forgotten the methods which she used to quell Cyrenaica. In a tram in Tunis last spring an excited group was discussing politics. Suddenly their babel of Arabic was interrupted by a shout of '*Vive la France!*' I asked why the shouter was so enthusiastic. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'he's just back from a business trip to Libya.'

The Tunisian rioters are at the moment offering Rome an opening, but their lapse is the result of thoughtlessness, not perfidy. Recently the Destour leaders split on the question of the use of violence in order to wring concessions from France, and the present street scenes are the work of a hothead faction, whose members would be the first to wring their hands if Italy were to turn their antics to good account.

The *Tevere* accusation is not wholly unfounded, for some Destouriens certainly say they are Communists. At the same time, Western party labels are almost meaningless among the North African Moslems. Their Communism, Fascism, or any other 'ism' is only a mask. The moment any question of native rights arises, that mask is torn aside, and they become Arabs and Followers of the Prophet, united against the Occident—whether France, or Italy, or both.

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These Spaniards fled from General Franco's bombs to misery in a hard-hearted little town in Southern France.

Refuge *in* Limbo

By Louis Guilloux

Translated by D. S. Bussy

From *Life and Letters Today*, London Literary Monthly

[*The following extracts are taken from a diary—too long to give* in extenso—*which was kept by Louis Guilloux between September 7th and October 30th, 1937, and which relates his experiences of a camp of Spanish refugees established in the town of X . . . , somewhere in France.*

Guilloux had for some time been living in the town of X . . . , where the work of writing a novel did not prevent him from becoming Secretary to the Secours Populaire. The whole Department had been allotted twelve hundred Spanish refugees to provide for—a comparatively small number, for other Departments had as many as three thousand; in the town of X . . . room had to be found for three hundred. The sum of eight francs a day was allowed for the support of each adult and five francs a day for each child. The responsibility for looking after them seems to have been shared by the Municipality and the Prefecture.

After heroic struggles with red-tape and official ill-will, Guilloux at last got permission to visit the refugees. The Translator]

September 8, 1937—. . . . Back from the camp. The horror of the spectacle defies all description. Here, really, misfortune has been heaped on misfortune. But this is not the place for indignation or personal grief. Let me recover the calm suitable to a proper exposition of the truth. There is no need to amplify it.

The camp has been installed in a disused factory for the making of agricultural machines; it is situated at the head of a valley, alongside a small stream. You go in by an iron gate. On the right is a small building—originally the porter's lodge. A single policeman and a porter are there to keep order. Then come the kitchen and the refectory—a huge, tarred, open shed. There were children here playing pelota.

Behind the refectory is another shed, the chief merit of which is that it is closed. It is about thirty-five

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feet high, roofed partly with slate and partly with glass, in very bad condition and nearly two hundred feet long. No fire—nor any possibility of having one.

On each side are partition walls made of wood and along them are ranged trestles with planks on them, on which are laid straw mattresses. This stuff has been hired from the army. Very dear, we are told. One hundred francs a month per *palliasse*. But this needs to be verified.

At the end of this shed, and cut off from it by a wooden partition, is the infirmary. There is, of course, no more prospect of lighting a fire here than in the first building. In this building are lodged not quite a third of the refugees. These are the lucky ones.

The second, or further, building is at least four times as large as the first. It is higher, too, and also roofed partly with slate and partly with glass. The rain comes through and just at the entrance a large puddle has to be crossed—or rather, skirted, as it is too wide to jump. This building is entered by a vast door which stands open all day. It is shut at night, but this is more a symbol than anything else: it can make not the smallest difference whether it is open or shut for the building is so enormous that it is always exceedingly cold. It is so enormous that the refugees occupy only part of it—the furthest part—though there are two hundred of them.

In the midst of the machines, which were left behind when the factory went bankrupt and are now devoured by rust, the straw mattresses have been thrown at random on the bare ground. Bits of straw fly hither and thither. Every step raises them. The whole place is wretched, dirty and cold. The walls, which are made of badly jointed planks, are entirely hung with cobwebs. In places, the planks can't be seen for them. The refugees complain that the spiders run over their faces at night. And not only spiders but rats. The place is impossible to clean. Material would be needed which the refugees have not got—to begin with, ladders.

But it is the Spaniards who are blamed for not keeping it clean and for attracting the rats by throwing away the good bread they are given. There are, of course, no means of lighting fires here any more than in the other buildings. The refugees have to live and sleep in this icy dirt and wash without any soap. For they have no soap. Taps, indeed, have been put in, but that is all. Plain water, however, is not enough.

All the children—and there is a multitude of them—are covered with spots. What a sight! Most of the refugees in this building are in bed. Some are ill and some just in bed because they have nothing to do, or are feeling depressed, or hope they will not be so cold. There are tiny children less than a year old whose mothers are carrying them about in all this horror without knowing how to keep them warm. No one has enough clothes. They are wearing the clothing they came away in and it's nearly always insufficient, especially since a few days ago when it turned cold.

Is it true that this place, as we were told, was intended to be used as a lazaretto for the purposes of quarantine? In reality it is a hotbed of infection. The itch has been raging and is still raging. The children have been attacked by epidemics of measles and whooping cough and have suffered

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greatly. The sick, I know, were sent to hospital, but why were they sent back to the camp before they were well?

And at the worst moment of the epidemics, when the camp was really a lazaretto and no one was allowed out, what did the authorities do but try to introduce into it a group of twenty-one more children, on the plea that it was impossible to find any other place to put them into? It needed all the energy of our comrade Pierre to save them from this fate.

The members of the Secours Populaire who have wanted to enter the camp have so far met with innumerable difficulties. They have, however, succeeded in getting bundles of clothes sent to it, and in collecting the refugees' letters and in helping to trace the whereabouts of lost members of various families, also in sending tobacco and soap. Soap is always lacking.

In a word, this place is the height of misery.

And this situation has been going on for two months.

A great many of the refugees, especially the children, are barefoot. Women too. . . . The food is not bad.

This afternoon, in order to supply the most urgent needs, we had a packing case of soap and tobacco taken to the camp. Purchased with the funds of the Secours Populaire. Tomorrow we shall set to work on the shoe problem.

September 10—Visit to the Prefect, who was extremely reserved to begin with. He says he cannot give us permanent leave to visit the camp as we asked. There are two reasons against it. Firstly, sanitary, on account of the epidemics; secondly, purely administrative. He thinks we want to go into the refugee camp in order to carry on a political agitation, and this he cannot allow. It is no good hoping that the permit he gave us the day before yesterday and which was only available for one day will be renewed.

I point out to the Prefect that the only agitation we carried on in the camp during our visit was in favor of soap and tobacco. We have no intention whatever of carrying on the least political agitation and, in fact, we give our word not to.

After a long and courteous discussion, the Prefect reverses his first decision and gives five members of the Secours Populaire a permit to visit the camp which is available for one month and renewable.

Before leaving I tell the Prefect that a sum of fifteen hundred francs belonging to the refugees' fund is 'sleeping' in one of his coffers. [Guilloux had previously attempted to get at this sum and had been met with the obstinate refusal of a subordinate official.] And at the same time I mention the state of the camp's footwear.

The Prefect, astonished and indignant, telephones orders that the fifteen hundred francs are to 'come out' within forty-eight hours. It is agreed that we are to ascertain how many shoes are wanted; we will then report to the Prefect, and a portion of the 'sleeping' money will be put at our disposal in order to make purchases.

Everything ends amicably. We are to collaborate. It is all we ask for.

At six we have a rendezvous with *A* . . . , who is a Municipal Councillor, at the *Mairie*. The Municipal Council happens to be holding a

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meeting at that time. Our friend *A . . .* is to give us our permits after the meeting, at which, moreover, he is to put a question on the subject of the refugees.

We are therefore present at the meeting—the only spectators, or the only witnesses. A score of gentlemen are seated at a table spread with a green cloth, in a large gilded room, adorned with pictures.

It is very comfortably warm.

A . . . puts his question: As the buildings of the disused factory are uninhabitable and the winter is coming on, where do they intend to move the refugees?

The Mayor replies that it is no business of his. It is not the town that has charge of the refugees; consequently it is not to him that the question must be put, but to the Prefect. He adds that he has never shirked his responsibilities and never will.

A . . ., very nervous, does not insist and the meeting continues. One of the councillors makes the following proposal: The streets of the town, he has noticed, sometimes look gloomy. They might be enlivened by decorating the balconies of the municipal buildings with flowers. He develops the idea at length and appears to attach particular importance to it, as do the majority of his fellow-councillors who all listen intently. Any objection? Agreed.

It emerges from all this that neither the Mayor nor the Prefect has any idea about what they will do with the Spanish refugees. We are assured that in less than a week half of them will be lodged in the naval barracks of *L . . .*, and that the beds are already on their way.

September 14—It is raining.

Don't let us forget that the Prefect and the Mayor themselves admit that the situation of the refugees will be intolerable if the weather turns cold and if it rains. Well, the weather *has* turned cold and it *is* raining, but nothing has so far been altered and we don't know when anything *will* be altered.

Out of the sum of eight francs a day allowed for each refugee, one franc, I am told, must be set aside for rent. It is reported that one of the people who have been benefiting has been heard to boast publicly that he had made a good thing out of it.

A week since the promise that a part of the refugees would be transferred to the naval barracks at *L. . . .* Nothing, however, seems to have been done, and no one seems to be thinking of doing anything. Still a matter of beds.

It is raining harder than ever.

Spent the whole morning in quest of shoes. Visited the Prefecture. It is not fifteen hundred francs that remain in the refugee fund but only one thousand. Five hundred francs, it seems, have been spent for stamps.

The shopkeeper I saw yesterday and who refused to give me anything on the plea of 'French first' has been seized with remorse and has sent me a dozen pairs of socks for the children. Thanks.

The absence of supervision on the one hand (there is, in fact, no administration in the camp—hospitable France is here represented by a policeman and a porter) and the absence of discipline among the refugees themselves on the other, have made the distribution of shoes and clothes extremely difficult and labori-

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ous. We have succeeded, however, after three hours' hard work, in getting thirty-one persons—women and children—shod.

We learn by chance that there is a week-old baby girl in the camp. The mother gave birth to it in the maternity home, but yesterday she was sent back to the camp, where she lodges in the further building. This seemed to us incredible. We went to the further building and were obliged to believe our eyes.

In this filthy, icy place, exposed to the bites of rats, the poison of spiders, the infection of measles, whooping cough, skin diseases and plagues of all sorts, the mother and child are lying on a straw mattress under a heap of old clothes which serve them as bed coverings. It is raining on them. And the mother smiled! She smiled as she showed us the baby's little pink face. I shall never forget the sight. Why did she smile? Is she glad to be a mother in spite of everything? Because we brought her something to make napkins for the child, who has nothing?

The baby slept. All around was a frightful spectacle of wretchedness and neglect. Straw flying about as we walked and falling again on to the bare mud floor, walls with their loathsome hangings of filth and miasma, discarded machinery devoured by rust, and everywhere about other straw beds on which some were lying, some sitting and sewing, and everyone waiting and suffering. She was sent back here from the maternity home yesterday, nobody knows why. But there she is now, holding the sleeping infant in her arms and trying as best she can to keep it warm, like an animal in a cave.

Who is guilty here? You, *M. le Préfet?* If she dies, if the child dies, will you say, *M. le Maire*, that the Spanish refugees were none of your business? Will the Municipal Council have enough flowers on their balconies to spare some to cheer the tombs of the mother and child?

September 15—This morning to the town with François. Delighted with the shoes we have bought very cheap and with various gifts we have received. In general, the shopkeepers we appeal to show the greatest goodwill. Most of them say they had no notion of the miserable state of the refugees in the camp. We must realize that shoes are always very expensive even for the shopkeeper and the presents we receive are a real sacrifice.

In the course of our shopping expedition, I take care not to forget yesterday's baby. Leaving François to the business of shoes, I go to the Prefecture. I inform the secretary that a new-born child has made its appearance in the camp. He immediately telephones to the *Commissaire* and insists on an inquiry being made. I tell the Secretary we are determined to make the facts public if something is not done about it at once.

The *Commissaire* telephones back that 'the woman asked to be sent back to the camp herself.'

The lie is so palpable that he can't help smiling himself as he repeats it.

'It is quite possible,' I answer, 'that the woman asked to go back to the camp, though I don't believe it. What I do believe is that even if she did ask, she ought not to have been allowed to. The proper time a woman ought to stay in hospital after child-

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birth is, if I am correctly informed, twelve days. In this affair there are at least two people who are guilty—the midwife or doctor in charge of the maternity home who allowed the woman to leave, and the doctor in charge of the camp who allowed her in again.'

He promises that the matter shall be set to rights very shortly.

The delay over transferring the refugees to *L* . . . still continues. The beds which have been ordered from Bordeaux have not yet come. Do any such beds really exist? We doubt it. As a matter of fact we know that the beds are being *made*—but not nearly as quickly as Franco is making refugees. When I ask why they are having the beds made, the answer is: 'Because we want to have a supply of substantial furniture which will be useful when the refugees have gone.' This profiteering foresight is shameful beyond measure.

September 16—We are rejoiced to hear that the mother and child are no longer at the camp. They were removed yesterday to the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*.

More parcels of clothes and shoes have been left at the *Maison du Peuple*. We shall distribute them this afternoon. Since yesterday evening it has not stopped raining.

September 18—Distribution of shoes at the camp from half-past ten to noon. . . . We have now—in a little over a week—shod a hundred and eleven refugees. The Prefecture has contributed out of the funds subscribed for the refugees, two hundred and ninety-five francs. . . .

September 22—This evening, as we were passing through the first building on our way out, we saw, sitting on her straw mattress, a woman about sixty years old, who was wringing her hands and wailing aloud. Other women were gathered about her. One of them flung herself into her arms and embraced her. Throughout the whole vast building, groups of women, sitting on their straw beds, their sewing left unheeded on their knees, put their heads down between their hands and began to weep and moan. The children looked on in terrified silence. The unfortunate mother's cries redoubled, and grew louder and louder. She had at last to be held.

Her son. The second.

September 25—11 P.M. Our meeting this evening. . . . I haven't yet said that this is a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants. Barely more than fifty were present—workers. Now as it is the workers who have so far done most for the Spanish, either individually or through their organizations, it would have been quite understandable if only a few of them—or none at all—had attended. But the immense majority of the other thirty thousand? Not one of them had the curiosity to come and learn something about the refugees, although the meeting had been extensively advertised. This lack of curiosity, of sensibility, in the face of distress—whatever their reasons, and they must necessarily be bad—seems to me a most disastrous sign.

Of course, I don't wish to say that the attitude of our hard-hearted little town is that of the rest of France. I speak only of what I have seen.

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An essay in defense of smoking; how chicle, the raw material of chewing gum, is harvested in Guatemala; a Hungarian woman novelist's description of a journey to the Orient in an Italian vessel.

Miscellany

I. Of Human Pleasures

By Robert Lynd

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

IT IS always inspiring to see a brave man fighting for a lost cause and I never cease to admire the Jacobitish zeal with which year after year Mr. St. John Ervine carries on a kind of guerrilla warfare against tobacco. I admire it all the more because I have fired a few shots in the war against tobacco myself and have invariably retired defeated, with the sign of defeat, a cigarette, in my mouth. I can go on fighting for a week or a month, but there always comes a time when, like a coward, I strike my colors—and a match. Yet I think I have better reasons to hate tobacco than Mr. Ervine. I have endured at its hands sufferings such as he has never known.

I have been its prisoner, its slave, and during the greater part of my life have gone about clanking its ignoble chains. It has drained my purse like a usurious moneylender. It has inflicted on my throat aches and pains that, had tobacco existed at the time, might have been among the punishments of Caliban. It has half-robbed me of at least one of my senses—the sense of smell—so that, when I walk in a rose-garden, the roses, for all the fragrance they communicate to me, might almost as well be made of paper.

What I cannot make out about Mr. Ervine is what comparable motive he has for his savage onslaughts on tobacco. Apparently, it has never done him an injury. He has never worn its chains or been mulcted by it in large sums, or even endured the pains of a smoker's throat. Many people will say, and with some reason, that it is all the nobler on his part to fight this monstrous evil since he stands to gain nothing by its suppression. He is as disinterested, they will say, as was Wilberforce in working for the freedom of the slaves. Would that it were so! If Mr. Ervine would

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boldly come forward as the Wilberforce of the enslaved smokers, how many of us would rally to his standard! But, alas, Mr. Ervine is no Wilberforce. He hates the slaves almost as much as he hates the slave-driver. He dislikes smoking, not because it injures the smokers, but merely because it is a filthy and disgusting habit.

This is clear from a recent article of his. There Mr. Ervine describes how he recently got into a smoking compartment in a railway train by mistake and how he 'had to sit for three hours and thirty minutes in the company of a man who belched forth smoke the whole of the time, as if he were trying to give an imitation of Battersea Power Station in full blast.'

It seems to me that in this description of a fellow-creature smoking, Mr. Ervine betrays symptoms, however faint, of prejudice. He declares, for example, that the man 'belched forth smoke,' surely an unprecedented phenomenon in the history of smoking. I cannot believe that the man belched forth smoke any more than a garden bonfire belches forth smoke or an April sky belches forth clouds. It is possible to make any human pleasure seem ugly by applying an ugly image to it. Imagine, for example, how unpleasant even the most seemly dinner-party might be made to appear if it were described in terms of hostility:—

'All the women were shoving great dollops of cantaloup into their faces, with the muscles of their throats working up and down in a haglike rapture. Then they wolfed the soup like pigs at a trough. They ate the fish obscenely, as meat-eaters always eat fish. During the meat-course they kept up an infernal chatter so as to drown the horrible noise of their teeth champing on lumps of dead sheep that they kept pushing into their maws with forks that became dirtier and dirtier as they ate.'

The truth is, smoking is not in itself a whit more filthy and disgusting than most other human habits. It results in certain untidinesses, but what habit does not? Look at a plate from which someone has just eaten a leg of chicken. What an unpleasant array of skin and bones and remains of vegetables and gravy! If we overlooked everything in eating but its untidy consequences, most of us would abjure meats and fall back on orange-juice.

Mr. Ervine says of the habits of some smokers: 'If I were a maid who had to wash up after cigarette-fiends had done their worst in a coffee-cup, I should rub their noses in the sodden butts in the hope, perhaps delusive, of teaching them manners.' But how would he like it if the maid conceived a similar antipathy to the equally untidy porridge-fiends, curry-fiends, chicken-fiends and Lancashire-hot-pot-fiends, and rushed into his dining-room to rub the noses of his guests in the unclean plates? The fact is that, where human beings have been enjoying themselves, there is usually some tidying up to be done after they are gone; they should not hesitate to enjoy themselves all the same.

Mr. Ervine objects to smoking because, among other things, smokers 'drop ash on every floor.' But, if they do, what of it? Was there ever anything less harmful to a carpet than cigarette-ash? I hold it a matter of conscience to use an ash-tray, if an ash-tray is provided, but, even then, cigarette-ash has a way of falling inadvertently, and I have never felt a

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grievance against a guest who left so innocent and easily removable a trail of his presence on my carpet. I should as soon think of blaming him for leaving his finger-prints on my knives and forks. As for throwing butts on the carpet and leaving them on the furniture, that is another matter. It is a breach of etiquette hated as much by smokers as by non-smokers. Only one of my guests has ever done this. We cigarette smokers, though Mr. Ervine may not know it, have a high code of honor.

I think, however, that it is the smell of tobacco that offends Mr. Ervine most. 'The fuliginous,' so runs one of his sentences, 'are a funny lot, always at their damnable tobacco, and incapable of sitting still for thirty minutes without fouling the air with their infernal fumes.' It is a curious fact that, when coffee was first introduced into England, it was objected to by many people on similar grounds: it offended the sense of smell. According to a passage in *The Epicure's Companion*, when the first coffee-house was opened in the City of London, the neighbors organized a petition for its suppression, because of the intolerable stench it created. Today, there are few, even among abstainers from the bean, who regard the smell of coffee as a stench.

I loved the smell of tobacco from my infancy. Almost as soon as I could walk, I would take down the wooden owl in which my father kept his tobacco, and, raising the lid, would breathe in that lovely odor stealing through the senses as deliciously as the smell of musk or mignonette. To sit in the room with him while he was smoking was perfect company. Nothing, except perhaps colored balloons, seemed to me more beautiful than the clouds of pipe-smoke that rose above his head, and, as he smoked, I drank in the decontaminated air with almost as much pleasure as I drank in the smell of the sea in summer.

No, whatever there is to be said against smoking no case can be made out against it on the score that it offends the sense of smell. A room in which people *have been* smoking may strike one as stale and malodorous, but so, often, does a room in which people have been eating. A room, however, in which people *are* smoking has the most agreeable smell in the world—a cheerful smell, a natural smell . . .

I can honestly say that I dearly wish that tobacco were the foul, disgusting, malodorous thing that Mr. Ervine says it is. I might then be able to give it up. As it is, I have only moral reasons for doing so. And everybody knows how difficult it is to give anything up only for moral reasons.

II. Chicle

By George Denk

From the *Latin-American World*, London Commerical Monthly

THE addiction of the citizens of the United States to the chewing of Mr. Wrigley's variously and ingeniously flavored gums is a good thing for the Republic of Guatemala. That country enjoys a virtual monopoly of chicle, the raw material from which chewing gum is made. Some 7,000 square miles

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of its good earth are devoted to the production of the gum, the whole output of which is shipped to the United States for the exercise of Uncle Sam's restless jaws.

The principal source of chicle in Guatemala is the Department of Petén, where the forests where it grows have been nationalized. Licenses have to be obtained for exploitation.

The enormous tract of land set aside for chicle tree cultivation is broken up into various zones, and only one or two of these may be worked in any season. The reason is that even those chicle trees which survive the first tapping may be bled only once in every ten years or so.

Chicle bleeding can only be carried out during the rainy season; the sap must have moisture before it is gathered, but not too much moisture. Early in July, therefore, the *chicleros*, as the tappers are called, set out into the jungles in small groups of men and one cook (female). A string of pack mules and drivers follows.

The *chicleros* remain in the heart of the jungle for as long as six months. Their needs, which are meager, are catered to by the contractor or his deputy in charge of operations. He sets up a hut in a suitable clearing, makes this the base of operations, and sends out the *chicleros* in different directions. He acts as commissary and general outfitter for his men. Coffee, beans and flour, with an occasional tot of lime juice to combat scurvy, make up the bulk of the provisions which he sends forward once a week by mule train.

The *chicleros* leave their own camp, which is set up within reasonable distance of the contractor's 'office,' each morning and rarely return to it before nightfall. They are frugal folk, Indians for the most part, and never carry provisions for the day. Working equipment is light, consisting of a long rope, a knife and a number of bags.

With expert eye the *chiclero* chooses a likely tree in the area which he is working, throws a rope over its lowest branch and clambers up it with simian agility until he reaches a height of some thirty feet. Fastening himself securely to the tree, he hacks deftly at the bark until the sap begins to flow. As he begins his descent, he cuts a shallow trough in the bark as a channel for the sap and fixes a bag at the base of the tree. The bag, into which the chicle flows, is lined with rubber and is watertight. Ordinary linen bags are obtained and are coated by the *chiclero* during the dry season.

Chicle has to be tapped during the rains. The absence of moisture will cause the flow from a tree to dry up, and not all the coaxing and cursing of the *chiclero* will make it run. To add to his worries, not all trees will yield sap. There is no accounting for this perversity on the part of the chicle tree; even the scientists have not solved the puzzle. All they know is that several trees in a clump of thirty or forty will not yield chicle. The Indian *chicleros* have a theory that the barrenness of certain trees is accounted for by the absence of bird droppings on its branches, and make their selection accordingly.

The *chiclero* rarely bleeds more than ten small trees in a day, obtaining from each about four pounds of chicle. The larger trees will yield anything up to twenty pounds apiece; but they are more difficult to cut, and the *chiclero* is satisfied if he has tapped two in a day. Each evening he takes his bags

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back to the camp. One day in the week is devoted to boiling the gum in large containers, from which it is poured into molds. These molds are rectangular in shape but have rounded tops. Every slab must bear the date of gathering and the mark of both *chiclero* and contractor.

From time to time, as stocks accumulate, the slabs are sent down to the base camp, where the contractor, after carefully totting up the quantities and crediting or debiting them, according to state, to the individual *chiclero*, hands them over to a cutter and a chemist.

A rigorous examination of the slabs follows. Each one is cut into slices by the cutter, who looks for any foreign matter, such as stones, which a *chiclero* may have thrown in for good weight, or dirt and leaves, which may have escaped the *chiclero* when he was pouring the sap into the mold.

The cutter next examines the slabs for moisture to see if they conform to the requirements of his United States principals. Slabs that are too dry or too 'milky' are ruthlessly rejected. The slabs passed by the cutter are then subjected to chemical tests by the other expert, who also rejects those which do not come up to *his* requirements.

The *chiclero* who is not averse to cheating may thus find a large proportion of his production thrown away. But the contractor, who can trace the individual *chiclero* from his mark on the slab, has the last word. And that last word may be a strong one if he sees too many of his precious chicle slabs rejected by cutter and chemist. The *chiclero* in question will not be re-engaged the next season.

The chicle gatherer himself makes little money from his arduous labors. Even a few cents a pound ought to yield quite a tidy pay packet after six months in the jungle, but the *chiclero* finds that it is sadly diminished by the time he is ready to go home. He has had to pay his contractor for clothes and food and other needs during his tapping days, and many contractors have a way of making a profit on these transactions. The *chiclero* is lucky if he gets home free from debt.

Still, there must be something about a *chiclero's* life. He always comes back for more—that is, if he escapes death in the jungle from snakes or falls. The occupational mortality rate is high.

With the decline in the export of chicle during recent years the industry has passed through bad times, but it is now becoming apparent that Uncle Sam is throwing away the gum that he has chewed since the pre-depression days and is buying a new packet.

And this news means work for Guatemala's chicle tappers.

III. Respite from Reality

By Jolán Földes

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

OURS is a most considerate ship. The third class, for instance, is inscribed *Seconda Economica*, indicating that the usual high barriers are not tolerated here. Once abroad, all the passengers are regarded as children,

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all equally dear, and the class struggle has been relinquished.

The purser receives you like a long awaited friend. He does not coldly demand your ticket, but in a soft voice asks for the number of your stateroom so that a steward may conduct you to it.

Money is not mentioned on our ship. This miserable something, meant to facilitate life, but actually restricting it, a barrier, an unbreakable lock, has been banned. If you ask for a drink or cigarettes at the bar, or if you buy a bathing cap or a gold bracelet in the little shop on the boat, you may not reach into your pocket for money. You just write your name and the number of your stateroom on a piece of paper. In the course of the last evening, when a hazy, narrow strip of land begins to emerge on the horizon, you may descend to D deck and ferret out the purser, to whom you pay your bills—clandestinely, so to speak, as though you were doing something criminal.

Everything is like that: the ship is so considerate. If you are chilly in your deck chair, you will be wrapped in blankets, and you are equally well protected against the violent and brutal world outside, a world which rages on the distant shores, bombing and being destroyed by bombs, rebelling and crushing rebellion, intriguing and combating intrigue. The ship's newspaper appears daily; smiling boys in red uniforms hand it to you with a deep bow and without charge, and in it you find exciting articles about the love life of the flamingo, about a faithful dog who went on a hunger strike on the grave of his master, and entertaining anecdotes on the lives of great men—what Voltaire, for example, said to a young poet who could not be deterred from reciting an interminable poem he had written.

Naturally, the paper also contains news. A king visits another king to discuss a marriage. A Minister visits another Minister in the service of peace and to go hunting. He bags two deer. In a Rumanian village quadruplets are born. That is the kind of news we get aboard our ship; the peace of our souls and nerves is profoundly respected. Nothing is allowed to reach us which might disturb our sweet equanimity. The distant world is sordid, it murders and ransacks, and on the whole behaves very noisily. But here, this noise is carefully filtered for our benefit. Since this is an Italian boat, the meshes of the sieve are sometimes wider and sometimes smaller. About China, for instance, things penetrate. We occasionally hear the groans of the dying. And since the paper is printed in two languages, the Italian part sometimes permits this city or that to get into Japanese hands, while the English part merely prophesies the imminent siege. But the Italians have always been more alert a nation than the British. That is why one is not astonished to find in the Italian part a report about a general strike in France, while the English part knows nothing about it.

It was rather cold until we reached Port Said, and the stewards brought piles of blankets on deck. 'No,' said the young Viennese physician sitting down on the end of my deck chair and rejecting a blanket. 'I'm not chilly; it will probably be hot enough in China.'

'That depends. . . .' I answered a bit hastily and trying to visualize the

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map. 'That depends on the part of China to which you are going. There are some very cold regions, you know.'

'Of course,' the physician answered smiling. 'But I meant it figuratively. I am going to the front as a surgeon, and it has become customary to drop bombs upon the hospitals at the front. That was what I meant.'

There were five of them who were going to the Chinese front with contracts from the Chinese Government in their pockets, made out for six months and renewable every six months for three years. I asked whether China was preparing for such a long war.

'I don't know,' the young doctor said, shrugging his shoulders. 'One of us is a German Nazi—you can see him, the one who is flirting with the American girl—and he claims that it does not depend on the time but on luck. It is just as easy, he says, to die in the course of a day as in the course of three years. He is an expert in that field because he has recently returned from Spain, where he worked with the Government troops. There, too, they were five and he alone returned. He hopes his luck will hold out again.'

I was taken aback. 'Very encouraging,' I said, and nodded. 'A German and Nazi, and he worked for the Spanish Government? And now he enters the service of the Chinese?'

'Perhaps he is a spy,' the young physician said soberly. 'He has a beautiful large camera. But perhaps he simply works for those who pay him. One of us, a colleague of mine, is a Rumanian Jew who may no longer practice in his native country. He is the oldest, fifty-four. The Nazi thinks the Rumanian will certainly not return because he is too old to survive the hardships of war. . . .'

That night, as usual, there was dancing. A very good-looking young Italian asked me to dance and while we moved around on the dance floor he asked me that question, which, on a boat, always precedes the beginning of an honorable acquaintance.

'Where are you getting off?'

I told him. Then, according to ceremony, I asked in return where he was landing.

'Hmm,' the young man hesitated. 'I really should not tell. . . .'

'Why not?' I asked in amazement. 'The captain has already told us that there are one hundred Italians bound for Ethiopia on this boat—soldiers, officials and so on. You are getting off at Jibuti. It is no secret.'

'No, Ethiopia is no secret, but I. . . . We. . . . We are going on. . . .'

They were also five. They were going to Manchukuo—under contract to the Japanese Government—to teach the Japanese how to handle those big Savoia bombers which were in the hold.

The Italian pilot danced beautifully. Three days later there was a fancy dress ball aboard and he was fascinating as Apollo, a wreath of white carnations on his black hair and a lyre in his hand.

We are far, indeed, from the turbulent and bloodthirsty world. Money does not soil our fingers and hatred and murder are hidden from us.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The Legacy of Symbolism

By Jacques de Lacretelle

Translated by Clive Bell

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

WAS Paul Valéry right, when he said the other day, that in celebrating its Jubilee we had invented Symbolism? It is the opinion of a contemporary—or one almost contemporary—who, remembering all the variegated and contradictory experiments he has seen with his own eyes, considers it impossible to class them in a single group with a doctrine of its own.

But for us, who never knew those haphazard hatchings and heroic combats, who contemplate these writings from a distance of fifty years, it is fairly easy to disentangle and isolate the principles of the movement, and applying the famous line of Mallarmé to display it:—

Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change.

One can say, without attempting to confine it within a stark definition, that Symbolism was, before all, an experiment in personal art. It was individualistic. Had there been amongst its leaders a master bent on teaching, I can imagine him saying to his pupils something of this sort: 'Be sincere, be yourselves . . . Seize every beckoning that crosses your mind: shrouded ideas, subjects mysterious or incomplete, images that do but suggest. . . . Mark well the untranslatable, the unspeakable, the dream. . . . Such is the only instruction that I can offer.'

This imaginary discourse, which I put forward by way of program, has at least the merit of approximating to the formula of Rémy de Gourmont, who was, as everyone knows, theorist-in-chief to the group. Called upon to define Symbolism, Gourmont thus summed up: 'Above all, it is a theory of liberty; it implies absolute freedom of thought and form; it is the free and individual development of the aesthetic personality.'

Hence the diversity of inspiration as well as of expression. Does it not seem odd at first sight that writers as different as Verlaine, who sings as he goes and as fancy prompts him, and Mallarmé, who locks himself up in a chamber of thought impenetrable, there to create a musical algebra, should both be called Symbolists? And Rimbaud, who loads upon us pell-mell his hallucinations, and Maeterlinck, who later was to cull miracles from the simplest and most elementary things in life. What have they in common? Yet all are proclaimed Symbolists.

They have in common this: art appears to all as a natural extension of their sensibility; as a spouting stream or a ripple of quiet meditation, according to the temperament of each. All would break the old literary molds, would have done with those rules that tie hand and foot the French poet, would even shake those water-tight walls which divide the enchantments of poetry from the spell of music and from the magic of paint. For them artistic creation is a faith, with power to unloose secrets, and the right to transform reality according to the laws of esoteric religion and private mysteries. In literature the cult of the symbol implies all that. 'Be yourself, express the very essence of your being'—they say it again and again. There, and there alone, are the sources of poetry, not to be found in meter, rhyme, or nice ordinance of stanzas. It is poetic art that is the death of poetry.

These precepts, and the works inspired by them, have had their influence on the writers of my generation. And not on poets only, but on the novelists as well. Symbolism, which liberated the first, has enriched the second.

As for the poets—the case seems to me

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so clear that it needs no proving. All modern poetry—that is, if by modern poetry one means poetry from Claudel to Fargue, Cocteau and the *surréalistes*—takes orders from Rimbaud. In *Une Saison en Enfer* there is, indeed, a pronouncement which might serve our modern poets as motto: 'I have come to hold sacred the disorder of my mind.' As for prose-works, though the influence is perhaps less obvious, it is hardly more contestable.

Do but consider the course of the novel during the last twenty years. No longer content to recount, in the manner of Flaubert and Maupassant, it explains. In its psychoanalysis it tries to get back to the very principle of action, to reveal those hidden forces that control our being, heredity for instance, the scar left by early impressions, the influence of dreams and of sexual repressions. In a word, it forebodes and suggests more than it states, and finds its richest material in that secret monologue which each one of us holds with himself, in that spidery arabesque which is our subconscious reasoning.

Naturally, the example that springs to one's mind is Proust, that product of Symbolism and Bergson. In his case, an immense intellectual and emotional activity ties itself into knots and becomes confounded. One comes on amazing marriages contracted in the depths of our memory between a musical phrase and some simple act, between a picture and a psychological hypothesis. But Proust is not the only one. Look nearer home; consider the characters of Mauriac, of Duhamel, of Jules Romains, for that matter, and ask yourself whether each one of them does not appear as a legend rather than a photograph, having about him something authentic, something which rings true, but which pertains less to his real life than to his hidden destiny.

Well, is it necessary to dot all the i's and cross all the t's before one can recognize how much such works owe to the explorations of the Symbolists? Sensibility broadcast, suggestion, the dream, the legend, these are their landmarks, and they serve us still, us, the novelists of today. What is more, some of us have caught from them a tempered lyricism; or rather, they have made us aware of those timeless dramas which have never been staged because they were too simple; dramas born of a gesture, of a glance, which play themselves out in silence. What a mistake to suppose that the symbol inevitably adds something to the object! As often as not it simplifies and dissolves, causing it to retake its place in the vast harmony of common life.

And, maybe, contemporary writers owe still more to the Symbolists. If I have made myself clear, it will by now be understood that the Symbolist is a writer who, under the uniform of his profession, intends to remain himself; of his personal vision and private meditation he makes a veritable cult. Look well, then, at our post-War writers. What do you find on the very threshold of the career of each? What but the will, nay, the imperative necessity, to be himself? And their earliest works, what are they? Confessions, accounts of personal experiences barely pretending to fiction, essays which have the air of testaments.

Of course, I know that there is a world of difference between a page by Maurois, Morand or Montherlant and a poem by Mallarmé. Nevertheless, these authors—who all belong to one generation, my generation, a generation for which Symbolism has the unforgettable quality of first love—decline, one and all, to see facts in their bare objectivity. What they display is bathed in a light that comes from within; by a feat of side-lighting they reveal at once the object and a state of mind. It would not be difficult, if one were to continue the argument, to show how much Colette, with her states of poetical abstraction, owes to Symbolism.

Finally, one should set to the credit of the Symbolists our deeper knowledge of foreign literatures. Everyone knows about

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their relations with English poetry, German philosophy and music, the Scandinavian theater. Well, there again they were pioneers; for that fruitful curiosity has not grown less. Remark, on the contrary, how much more favorably foreign authors are received in France of late, how much better they are understood. And why? Because the writers of my generation, no longer living, as some of their elders were inclined to live, a little jealously, on their own resources, have read and relished these foreigners and introduced them to the French public.

Need I give names? Lawrence, Huxley, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Rosamond Lehmann, and Katherine Mansfield. If we have learned to love them, if their letters of naturalization are patent, assuredly it is because our critical sense, touched by the language of symbols and transported from time to time into a world of poetry when the bare word no longer reigns supreme, has discovered new affinities with works in a foreign tongue.

The Nightingale of Kazakstan

ENCOURAGING and popularizing the cultures of the Autonomous Republics has been a basic principle of Soviet policy —a popular one since the dances, the songs and the folk-lore of the Russian peoples have enchanting originality and richness, which is still largely missing in the Soviet literature of today. Thanks to this policy, *The Knight in the Panther Skin*, an epic by Rustavelli, a Georgian poet who lived in the 11th century, has become as well known in Moscow as Pushkin's *Evgenyi Onyegin*, and a festival of Uzbek dances recently met with great applause. Last month the Government conferred the Order of Lenin on the nonagenarian Kazak poet Djambul.

Djambul is a typical Kazak *akin*, or wandering minstrel, many of whom lived and died with their songs recorded only in the memory of the people. His work will be preserved more durably, for two collections of his verse have already been published and others are planned.

Djambul now inherits the court-poet's mantle worn before him by Suleiman of Dagestan whose praises of Stalin, Voroshilov and others, duly translated, appeared almost daily in the papers. Djambul, as far as can be judged from the rather inadequate translations, writes more simply and sincerely, and with fewer hyperboles, than Suleiman. But his poems of his native land are as rich in images as the tapestries and rugs the women of Kazakstan weave. He sings of 'the golden slow-moving sands of the great deserts,' 'burnished wheat' and 'swansdown cotton' and, incongruously, of the airplane that 'like a white-shouldered falcon soars to distant lands.'

Honoring Djambul is shrewd publicity, because the Nightingale of Kazakstan is a vivid personification of what the Soviet régime has done for the cultures of the Autonomous Republics. He has always been a poor man's poet. The hard nomadic life finally broke him and his voice was stilled until after the Revolution. Now he recalls:—

For seventy years I sang through my tears
To hungry crowds in their ragged tents.
My cracked dombra sang of life
As steep as the mountain where the deer live.
My joy came to me in October at last. . . .

Sobolev writes in the *Izvestia* a description of Djambul's improvisation:—

'Djambul tunes his dombra (an *akin's* traditional stringed instrument), bowing down to it his thin bronzed face, fringed with white beard. The song isn't born yet. He seeks it in the strings of the dombra; his thin fingers, gnarled with age, cling to the frets, stroke the humming strings. The thin lips whisper words, pick them, reject them, seek others. He is preparing a host of rhymes, images and metaphors in his mind. He listens intently as he tests the chosen rhythm. Then he lifts his face, puts the dombra on his knees, shifts on his chair —and another of Djambul's songs is born.'

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Indomitable Optimist

March. 'Germany attack Czechoslovakia? Never. Britain and France would fight.'

April. 'Germany attack Czechoslovakia? Never. France would fight.'

May. 'Germany attack Czechoslovakia? Never. The Czechs would fight.'

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

After *Anschluss*

The latest political joke from the Vienna cafés is of a man who entered a Berlin restaurant and gave the Hitler salute. The proprietor, astonished by this unusual fervor, looked at him for a moment and then said, 'Oh, you must be an Austrian.'

I hear, however, the Viennese are not taking very kindly to such outward and visible signs of National Socialism as the Hitler salute. They are interpreting the 'German greeting,' as it is called, in a characteristically individual manner.

One day last week a Viennese friend saw an elderly gentleman greet an acquaintance with raised right arm, but with the words '*Grüss Gott*' instead of '*Heil Hitler.*' The acquaintance said '*Heil Hitler,*' but committed the flagrant solecism of raising his hat.

But another Viennese carries off the prize for originality. Wishing evidently to be on the safe side, he raised his right arm in the Hitler salute and took off his hat with his left hand.

—Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Getting Round Uncle Sam

Mr. Shingora Takaishi, editor-in-chief of the *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Tokyo Nichi Nichi*, recently returned to Japan after spending six months in the United States as a so-called 'people's envoy.'

His conclusions, contained in addresses before two large organizations, were as follows:—

'I do not see why we cannot maintain cordial relations with America, if we do not do anything to provoke American public opinion or *openly* violate international treaties. . . .

'As a result of my extensive American tour, I came to the conclusion that the United States would avoid being involved in any war in the Far East, or elsewhere, provided she is not provoked. As long as we pay due respect to America's self-esteem, we should openly do as we please in China.'

—*China Weekly Review*, Shanghai

Vile Deception

From the *Shoe-Market*, German trade organ, March 25, 1938

50th Birthday: On March 27, Mr. M. Pels, representing the firm of Joseph Weiermann, will celebrate his 50th birthday. Mr. Pels is well known for his integrity, untiring energy and expert knowledge of the retail shoe trade, and his personal charm has won him many friends. May we express the birthday wish that Mr. Pels remain in our midst for many years to come.

The *Shoe-Market*, April 1, 1938

50th Birthday of M. Pels: In our issue of March 25 we published under anniversaries a birthday notice about M. Pels, which was sent to us from a source which we believed reliable. We have been the victim of a deception. M. Pels is a Jew, and we declare the birthday notice about him to be void.

Chalk Warfare

The war on the walls in the North Manchester district has reached the peak of intensity (reports a correspondent). The first attack in thick chalk screamed vehemently

CHAMBERLAIN MUST GO

A smashing counter-attack by the Government supporters made that into

CHAMBERLAIN MUST GO ON

Undeterred, the valiant Communists countered with

CHAMBERLAIN MUST GO ON LONG HOLIDAY

Fresh developments are expected on this front as soon as the Government supporters have reinforced their wits and chalk.

—*Manchester Guardian*

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Realistic Politics

We have recently been given some telling lessons in realism at Geneva, and they should not be lost on us. From now on we shall see things as they are.

Lord Halifax decided that it was necessary to recognize the Italian Empire in Ethiopia. 'Regrettable as it seems,' said the noble Lord, 'Italy has occupied Ethiopia. This is a fact.'

Mexico recently nationalized the oil wells which the English capitalists had exploited on her soil. This is also a fact. But Lord Halifax does not recognize it. Shall we be realistic?

The Fascist conquest has been recognized. Then suddenly Mussolini cries: 'Just a minute. You will have to recognize Franco, too.'

'You think so?'

'Absolutely.'

Franco will be recognized.

'And what about Henlein?'

'What, him, too?'

'Why not?'

Another recognition. Let us be realistic and admit that people are laughing at us.

We are told repeatedly: 'England wishes nothing better than to please France. But she cannot do what she wishes. There are the Dominions, you know.'

Ah, yes, the Dominions. At Geneva, England votes against the Negus. France follows suit. The Dominion of New Zealand votes for him. But we must be realistic.

Every election since May, 1936, confirms France's confidence in the Popular Front. But the papers say that the Popular Front is no longer representative. For the past few months, every election in England has gone against Chamberlain, but we are assured that Chamberlain has the whole country behind him. Are we not being realistically duped?

—Pierre Bénard in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Appendicitis

'Europe's Appendix,' Czechoslovakia has been called. But Europe is so old, so hopelessly old, that it would hardly survive an operation.

—*Haagsche Post*

Playful Japanese

A friend who has been working for some years in the Far East sends me the following unusual comments. She writes from China:—

'It's not trying to be high-souled that causes one to feel more sorry for the Japanese than for the Chinese. The latter have such thorough integrity that one cannot pity them. They just know the art of life. Their dignity never has to be assumed. . . . But these poor, insignificant-looking, fussy, bayonet-loving Japanese—some of them so ashamed, some just in a muddle, all longing to go home, their wounded soldiers asking for dolls. . . . Yes, really! But that is not so funny as it sounds. They have a yearly doll festival at home with beautiful dolls in classic dress. I watched twenty of these Japanese soldiers the other day off duty playing blind man's buff for an hour! Such healthy peels of laughter floated up to the hill-top where I was picnicking! I have a few tussles with them, as you can imagine. One pushed me down the station slope at Peiping, but after a step or two I got against a wall and waited till they got tired of trying to make us go back into the station and take a different exit.'

—Robert Lynd in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Retort

A German and a Swiss fell into conversation. The German said: 'I'm told that Switzerland has an Admiral! How can that be when you haven't a navy or a coast or an Empire?' The Swiss replied: 'Well, you in Germany have a Minister of Justice, haven't you?'

—Critic in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Rearming by Proxy

The latest news is that Mr. Neville Chamberlain will propose in the House of Commons that military service in France be extended to three years.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Compensation

A mother held forth to me about the advantages of being a débutante these days. 'When I was a deb there was nothing a girl could talk about that would interest a mature dinner partner. Nowadays a girl has only to to say firmly that she is a Fascist or a Communist, or has just come back from Spain or Russia, and she is quite certain of attention. And anyway, there's always the next war to talk about.'

—Writer in *Time and Tide*, London

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BOOKS ABROAD

Abbé Dimnet Reflects

My New World. *By Ernest Dimnet. London: Jonathan Cape. 1938.*

(Keith G. Feiling in the *Observer*, London)

THE Abbé Dimnet writes in English, but thinks in American; that is, on the exceedingly rare occasions when he ceases to be French. And there are, I suppose, not more than three or four Englishmen who could write French with anything approaching the excellence of his English. This eminent friend of the Abbé Brémond divides life now between Paris and America, of which some twenty lecture tours have given him a full understanding, and the pleasure which his latest book will give may probably be divided on much the same line. Some will read it for Paris before and during the War, others for impressions of America, but not often, I think, the same people equally for both.

In part, no doubt, this is because the American half of the book is full of minor American personages who are prophets unknown out of their own country, and partly because the account of his first long American mission, to collect funds for the war-stricken University of Lille, has less of that final elegance which distinguishes his reflection on Catholic thought or his diagnosis of European temper. Even a Pascal could hardly write successfully on blue-eyed Unitarian girls. But some of a little disappointment here springs, as I see it, from something more deep; from an obstinate questioning what the Abbé Dimnet is doing in that gallery. He is a son of the race whose civilized gifts are the oldest in Europe, and priest of a Church whose spiritual foundations are the reverse of American, and, as his remarks on American education indicate, he finds in them what Kate Hardcastle called a Gothic vivacity.

This spare French spirituality stands surprised at the latest ball-room or swimming-pool in American convents. His innermost mind does not appear to enjoy democracy. He repeats that America is the happiest country and the happiest people on the earth; that their notion of happiness turns on, and explains, their incessant activity. Their moral is a search for pleasure, their religion 'the religion of mankind with a veneer of Hebraism.' Their God is remote, nor is He a jealous God, and that is fortunate, for 'if He came nearer, He would interfere with the life of the individual.' It seems far from the College Stanislas, the small court-yards, the translucent, reasonable, but omnipresent Catholicism of France.

It is on account of that sort of unspoken, and hardly to be interpreted, unrelatedness of author and subject that English readers will probably enjoy more the first half of this book. Here this limpid and analytic English deals with matter on which its light can play.

Few, if any, more pervading and eloquent descriptions exist of how a great people in 1914 moved into war, or better revelations of what war means to civilized man. It is, of course, a voice of the Right, unforgetting and not always fair. He detested the spirit of France when the twentieth century broke, of Combes and the anti-liberal spoliation which frustrated Liberalism; of Anatole France, 'an astonishingly gifted *graeculus*, the perfection of a man who is not a real man.'

For France he fears and distrusts a bad constitution and an irresponsible democracy. France, again, has never been militaristic; no, not even under Louis Quatorze and the Napoleons, for the odd reason that 'not one of these monarchs was really loved.' Indeed, since the Peace of Versailles she has not been militaristic enough. The British stopped a wholesome

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advance into Germany, and were as responsible as the French for Reparations. The occupation of the Ruhr was justice; and what is the difference between American Negro troops in France in 1918 and French African troops in Germany in 1923? Once more we hear how Britain misunderstood the Continent, or that 'the Haldane period' meant a relapse to our absurd 'German cousin' fallacy. Again we are reminded of the sack of Dinant, and, not for the first time, of the suggestion that Stresemann was 'Machiavellian' in his pacts with Briand.

We shall, indeed, do well to remember the sack of Dinant, and well to remember also Louis XIV's sack of the Palatinate. But, if oblivion is not wisdom, bitter remembrance is not policy, and there is not much of fruit or flower in such remembrance at this hour. What we shall love and reread, rather, are the many succeeding pages which give us the truth of France, of saints and savants, Academicians and artists and *poilus*, Paris and the virile provinces of the North.

Some of these sketches are exquisite in drawing, with the coloring of a Fra Angelico and a rubric of that pure though faded gold. The account of Father Tyrrell and that epoch of spiritual upheaval tells a difficult story in almost perfection, if perfection it is to enlist our sympathy and understanding for men on both sides who, except in the wisdom of expressing opinion, were not far apart.

Here, and elsewhere perhaps, where the author would not wish to apply it, the point strikes us of the definition of 'defeatist,' which, he tells us, Joffre once gave to Brémond: '*On appelait comme cela, pendant la guerre, les gens qui n'étaient pas de votre avis.*'

In these wise and agreeable early chapters one impression, not by any means a new one, and never consciously expressed, looks upon us from every page, like a light burning some way off, hardly flickering, and never put out. It seems to be French Catholicism, and if some would ascribe more to France, and others more to the Church, both are always present—as both were present at Chinon and Orleans and Rheims and in the market-place at Rouen, and walk on many waters in the Isle de France. To define and translate into English words this spiritual atmosphere, this lucidity of reason, and this *élan* is not possible, unless it were for one who had lived long in that air and that faith. That it is the secret of the charm of this writing we cannot doubt. The floor is bare, the clean sun strikes on the green shutters, the needs of the flesh are stark, but here they are few and not invincible, for they seem to be dominated by two living and immensely more militant realities, which here, and here almost alone, are not in antagonism: the Mind and the Cross.

After Imperialism—What?

THE CRUMBLING OF EMPIRE: THE DISINTEGRATION OF WORLD ECONOMY. *By M. J. Bonn. London: Allen and Unwin. 1938.*

(Norman Angell in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

WHEN Japan launched her Manchurian adventure she seemed to let loose a whole series of piracies which have terrorized the world ever since. And Hitler assures us that is only the beginning, that we shall hear much more during the next few years about colonies; Schacht says they are the matters of life and death for Germany; and Goebbels the other day declared, apropos of Austria, that 'the rare moment has come for the world to be apportioned anew.' The propaganda guns boom loudly in the jungle, sending forth noises that start the tribes to frenzied war-dancing. Among the noises we catch such words as 'empire,' 'expansion,' 'elbow room,' 'strangulation,' 'space,' 'surplus population,' 'ownership of colonies'. . . . What do the words mean?

It may well be they produce frenzy just because the meaning attached to them is so vague. What *does* Schacht mean,

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for instance, when he talks of the return of colonies as being a life and death matter for Germany when, as Dr. Bonn shows in this book—as half a score other competent economists who have dealt with this matter have shown—the economic, as distinct from the psychological, importance of the colonies is negligible. And what meaning attaches in the minds, not only of foreigners, but of British folk, to such words as 'British Empire?'

Just before the Boer War it was common to hear Englishmen descanting on the importance to 'us' of possessing territory that contained a large part of the world's gold supply. And foreigners were quite sure we were 'after the gold mines.' It was quite useless to point out that if the tendencies already then revealed in colonial development had any meaning at all, the territory and its resources would in a few years pass out of the control of the British Government. The statement simply did not 'bite.' 'We own Australia, don't we?' A year or so ago an American organization created to disseminate correct information in international affairs published a map indicating the distribution of raw materials throughout the world. The mineral resources of Canada, Australia, South Africa are marked as 'belonging to,' being under the control of, Great Britain, the British Government that is. Within a few months of the appearance of that publication, which is probably still accepted in America as authoritative and unquestioned, an address was delivered by Professor Fieldhouse, a Canadian, in Winnipeg, in which, discussing the relations of the Dominions to British policy, occurs the following statement:—

> Dominion nationalism must inevitably make a common Commonwealth foreign policy impossible. . . . For the execution of her policies Britain can rely upon her own resources only, and not upon those of the Dominions.

We are dealing here with questions of simple and elementary fact: Is it, or is it not, true that Great Britain controls, whether for peace or for war purposes, the mineral resources of Canada, or the other Dominions? If not true, why are such statements made by responsible authorities? Broadly because, in using words like 'empire' and 'imperialism,' we do not sufficiently note that the facts no longer correspond to the original meaning of those words. Our attention is diverted and our thought distorted by the hypnotism of old words and the weight of old symbols.

Dr. Bonn sets out in this book to give some precision to such words as 'imperialism,' analyzing the various types of imperialism and the various types of colonies and of colonization; inquiries into the real value of colonies (which, like every other competent authority, he deems to be grossly overrated); inquires how far any real economic equality of nations could be established by the reshuffling of colonial possessions, and decides that no such reshuffling could possibly produce the self-sufficiency which the totalitarian States seek, or anything near it; and decides that nothing short of 'large scale territorial rearrangements of the map of the world—not merely of colonial possessions—'would come anywhere near doing it; that a return to Free Trade, unhampered international intercourse, would be the ideal solution, but is impossible, because the autarchy of totalitarian States is 'not a mere policy but a fanatic creed based on the concept of the national State as a living physical organism.' Finally, he thinks the issue is as between conquest and voluntary federation, proceeding by groups.

One of the author's main theses is that the age of colonization is over and the age of 'counter-colonization,' the crumbling of empires, of empire-breaking, has set in. For Germany, Italy and Japan the control of dependencies is a symbol, he says, not the economic substance at all. Incidentally he makes the point that China is much more a Have-Not country than Japan.

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Toward the close of the book, however, he seems to see the possibility of a new era of empire building:—

> The world is faced by a very simple issue: Can the territorial discrepancies between various States be equalized by economic co-operation and, ultimately, by some sort of Federation, at first only between contiguous groups with a common background? Or is a new period of violent territorial redistribution beginning, in which old empires will be broken, whilst new empires will be formed on their ruins?

Some of Dr. Bonn's most entertaining pages are those in which he challenges certain of the Marxian assumptions. He rejects Lenin's definition of imperialism as 'the monopoly stage of capitalism,' pointing out that some of the greatest colonial empires were conquered in pre-capitalist days; that, for instance, while Tsarist Russia was most certainly imperialist, her capitalism had not reached the monopoly stage. The author deems Siellière's diagnosis of the driving force of imperialism as 'desire or lust of power' too wide, but thinks it furnishes 'a better demarcation of imperialist policies than the attempt to limit imperialism to the capitalist age.' Marxists won't like one of Dr. Bonn's conclusions, but they would do well to study it. Here it is:—

> Imperialism does not constitute the last stage in capitalist development; it is much older than capitalism in most countries and will probably outlive it. Its place in the capitalist structure is mainly due to the survival of feudal and militarist groups in capitalist societies who cling to their old traditions. Any national or social system in need of territorial or economic aggrandizement becomes imperialist when it resorts to military or semi-military coercion against its neighbors. There is no reason whatever why a Communist State placed in such a situation should refrain from doing it. . . . Imperialist methods might fall into disuse in a world federation of Communist States; they might equally well be dispensed with in a world federation of capitalist States.

That view is increasingly shared by objective students of the subject and is implicit in the work of such authorities as Parker T. Moon, Grover Clark and Staley.

Dr. Bonn's work is objective and important, and particularly should those who differ from the conclusions just indicated study it.

Lord Douglas Looks Back

Without Apology. *By Lord Alfred Douglas. London: Secker. 1938.*

(Harold Nicolson in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London)

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS is recognized by the discerning as a preëminent poet. Few living writers have possessed his sense of the tones and undertones of the English language. Many of his sonnets will survive the more topical fashions of less scholarly poets. And nothing that he can tell us about his own literary development can fail to be of interest.

In *Without Apology* he adds to his previous autobiographical studies. He describes his book as 'random recollections of my stormy life.' It is much more than that. In this autobiography he makes peace with society. 'One cannot,' he writes, 'go on being exasperated forever, and one ends by simply shrugging one's shoulders.'

'I do not want,' he concludes, 'to go on in a querulous vein. I have somehow survived all the persecution, and on the whole I find that even the world which used to hate me so much is very pleasant to me nowadays.' Admirers of Lord Alfred will find this mellowness most welcome. It was always irritating to observe the obstinacy with which he refused to recognize his own success.

He remains a fighter. He is still resentful of Crosland and vindictive towards Robert Ross. I regret these animosities. Lord Alfred is unable to recognize that he has always been a provocative person, and that if one is brilliantly provocative, other people end by being provoked. He has

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suffered much cruelty in life and much misrepresentation. I rejoice that now that he is no longer very young he can adopt a Christian spirit of forgiveness. He is kind even about Frank Harris and André Gide. Mr. Shaw comes out of the volume as an imp of charity. And to the memory of his own father Lord Alfred makes generous amends.

Other figures emerge. His portrait of his mother is affectionate and balanced. Wilfrid Blunt is sketched in kindly colors. George Wyndham appears as a great if harassed gentleman. Lord Curzon is genially portrayed. And Oscar Wilde is described with taste, loyalty and affection.

Looking back upon Winchester and Magdalen, Lord Alfred evokes with wistful affection the memories of that dawn-golden time. He had his athletic triumphs and his first literary victories. There was the *Spirit Lamp* and the Crabbet Club, and then the central disaster of his life. He disproves—and I trust forever—the legend that he deserted Wilde in his ordeal. And thereafter comes the Chantilly period and the subsequent battles of the *Academy* and *Plain English*.

He confesses to a slight, and surely morbid, taste for litigation. He admits, humorously enough, his own quarrels and provocations. He has much that is interesting to say about his incarceration in Wormwood Scrubs for having uttered a libel against Mr. Winston Churchill. And implicit throughout is the immense benefit conferred upon him by his faith.

He reveals his own character. 'I am wonderfully good at getting money or things done for other people, but very little good at getting the same advantages for myself.' He admits that he is always changing his mind and attributes that fluidity to the fact that 'I am inherently and incurably fair-minded.' And through it all pierces a brand of querulous integrity which is most attractive. It is accompanied by a sincere and unfailing passion for great poetry. He is not very fair to the moderns even as he is unfair to Pope and even Byron. But his book is generous and urbane.

For the Common Man

LES GRANDS CIMETIÈRES SOUS LA LUNE. *By Georges Bernanos. Paris: Plon. 1938.*

(Gus Bofa in *Crapouillot*, Paris)

NOT because he has a taste for scandal nor because he likes polemics, Bernanos has written this brilliant attack against the enemies of the common man. He is against the 'right-thinking' conservatives—following in this the example of Christ and many honest Christians after Him. The conservatives have a name in their vocabulary for these prophets; they call them anarchists, which they doubtless are. I don't think that the term would offend or frighten Bernanos, but it would not seem to him inclusive enough. It is too narrow to encompass all the enmities which he feels that he must cultivate and it is too abstract to express the pity and the gentleness in his heart.

The author's great pity for panic-stricken humanity, blundering on to its perdition, is the key to this amazing but somewhat confused book. It shines through his arraignment of his enemies—of Franco's *requetes*, Moscow politicians, Mussolini, Hitler, the Holy Church and the Paris *Jour*—all those stupid and violent powers which crush man today beneath a weight of terror, which submerge and strangle him. It is the nobility of this pity which makes the book far more than a pamphlet of rare quality. Quite apart from the pity, and the 'cause,' the reader can take a purely literary pleasure in its picturesque invective, which is by turns ingenious, ironic, violent and lyric. The supple style reminds one of Céline, Léon Bloy, Léon Daudet, but above all, of Bernanos himself.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

THE EDUCATION OF A DIPLOMAT. *By Hugh Wilson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1938. 224 pages. $2.50.*

THE EDUCATION of which Mr. Wilson speaks is not merely the academic study preliminary to the Foreign Service Examination, though it includes this. His own training was ideally begun, at the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques* at Paris, where he acquired a 'love of accuracy and conciseness, a hatred of vagueness and circumlocution.' The Café de Deux Magots contributed also, and contact with Europeans for the first time gave him the idea that politics and diplomacy are a grim reality. The education proceeded with revolution and bull fighting in Portugal; with bananas and caballeros and peculiar methods of protecting American citizens and picnics and expeditions in Guatemala—which country is apparently Mr. Wilson's real love. It included the wealth and sophistication of Buenos Aires, set up against the flatness and dullness of the whole country; and the confusion and tragedy of human beings during the World War, as revealed in Berlin and Vienna and Berne.

It is a personal book which Mr. Wilson has written. It is not a diplomatic history and it reveals no great secrets of state, but it merits its title. It gives a picture of the life of a developing young diplomat, which should be informative and useful to one entering such a career. Mr. Wilson is one of our best diplomats, and he reveals to us his early naïvetés, and shows how knowledge came to him. There is no systematic presentation of the rules for success; the book is somewhat discursive. It is flavored with interesting anecdotes and enthusiastic descriptions of persons and places; occasionally he discloses some of his own philosophy as to the League of Nations or the Neutrality Legislation, but merely incidentally. It is more of a travel book and biography than a didactic work, but it makes a useful sort of a casebook for young diplomats to study.

One who is in the Foreign Service, Mr. Wilson tells us, should be loyal and coöperative, and be able to assimilate new customs; he must have patience and a taste for study, and he must be non-partisan in his thinking. Indeed, he is inclined to lament the lonely position of the diplomat, who is unable to share wholeheartedly in the enthusiasms and hates of a people; but it might be better if others, too, could realize that each nation 'has a small proportion of men of integrity, an overwhelming proportion of those ordinarily honest but subject to temptation, and a small proportion of rascals.' It is interesting to hear his judgment of the American Foreign Service: it is 'certainly the equal and perhaps the superior of any other country,' in its rank and file.

The story ends with the departure from Vienna, and contains the intimation that another book will deal with the period following the War 'a different kind of a story, and of a different person.' What change took place in Mr. Wilson? This instalment of the serial ends on a note of interest; we shall await the next instalment with a thrill of pleasant anticipation.

—CLYDE EAGLETON

SAVAGE SYMPHONY. *By Eva Lips. Translated from the German by Caroline Newton. With an Introduction by Dorothy Thompson. New York: Random House. 336 pages. $3.00.*

IN PRAISE OF LIFE. *By Walter Schoenstedt. Translated by Maxim Newmark. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 371 pages. $2.50.*

GREAT ARGUMENT. *By Philip Gibbs. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 340 pages. $2.50.*

NO SOONER has one concluded that the next anti-Nazi book he picks up is bound to prove a tiresome repetition of what he has already read, than the book comes along to surprise him. The Nazis have a genius for alienating persons who are neither boorish nor boresome, and their victims in exile are generally able to take their revenge in an impressive narration of their misfortunes. Almost every anti-Nazi book reveals unexpected aspects of Fascist society, and at the same time affords the literary appeal of contact with a new and interesting personality.

Savage Symphony, the latest of such records of Nazi persecution, was written by the vivacious wife of one of Germany's leading anthropologists. Dr. Julius Lips, now associated with Howard University, recently published in this country *The Savage Hits Back*,

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the preparation of which was the cause of his trouble with the German Government. His book brings together the works of art of certain savage tribes, which represent their none too flattering comments upon their European masters. The savages Dr. Lips has studied do not seem to have swallowed the Aryan myth with the humility befitting their primitive inferiority. They remain detached and ironic; and though the impression their art creates is to a certain extent due to the carry-over of their traditional techniques, it can only appear to a European as satire of his own pretensions to 'manifest destiny' and 'the white man's burden.'

The Lips appear to have possessed a greater sense of humor about such things than the Nazi officials. It radiates through the story of their differences with the authorities, and transforms their persecution into a game of wits played with stupid, pretentious opponents. But of course it could have had such an effect only because the Lips's was a rare kind of case. His own position as a scholar and head of the Cologne Museum and his wife's personal charm had brought them into the most fashionable circles. They were neither proletarian nor Jewish, and they had influence which did not altogether disappear after the Nazis took power. The Nazi devotion to snobbery and social rank became a curious impediment to their effective persecution.

Herein, I think, is the value of the book for the politically-minded reader. It explains otherwise inexplicable cases in which the hand of the Nazi persecutor has faltered. It goes far toward explaining the Nazi rage at unfavorable criticism from abroad. When the victim is an important Aryan personage who has friends in high places at home and abroad, a contradiction develops within the Nazi ideology. The Fascist dog tends to respect his conception of authority even when it is hostile to him; he is trained to pay deference to his betters.

The weakness shows itself particularly in a case like the Lips's, where there is little justification for hostility. For the Lips had never been interested in politics, and the whole case against them was immediately the outcome of the jealousy and insecurity of the incompetent student of Dr. Lips, whose fidelity to the Nazi cause alone justified his replacing him as head of the museum. Mrs. Lips possessed sufficient feminine love of intrigue to lead the authorities a merry chase, and when they began to get really mad about it, a friend from within warned her in time to flee the country. It is a new picture of a Nazi Germany in which there are very few sincere Nazi sympathizers without uniforms and quite a few Nazi opponents wearing them: a refreshing picture, on the whole, because it reveals a hopeful lack of mass support for the repressive régime.

Walter Schoenstedt's fictionalized autobiography is another German book from which the note of horror and distress is absent. But it is not in this instance that the materials are lacking. Walter's mother loses her health trying to support the family during the World War. His father is unable to get work after his return from the front. His boyhood chums steal food to relieve their poverty. He chooses rather to work on a distant farm, owned by a nobleman, overseered by a brute who treats the laborers like serfs. But youth and an optimistic temperament deaden much of the pain. Walter leaves and bums his way through Belgium and Switzerland, where the miracle happens. An American writer takes an interest in him and invites him to the United States. In New York he falls in love and turns his back on a Germany dominated by Hitler. The book is as verbose and ingratiating as youth can be, and though it does not indicate that Walter's ambition to become a novelist is likely to be attained, it has documentary value for those who want a vivid picture of the proletarian household and the restless, jobless youth of Germany before the advent of Fascism.

In Philip Gibbs' *Great Argument* one has fiction with a vengeance, and begins to feel the need for a little sheer reporting of the honest sort that Schoenstedt has afforded. For Gibbs has pressed the recent history of the British Labour Party within the confines of a stilted plot with such creative alacrity that his novel is interesting neither as story nor *roman à clef*. The labor leader's daughter falls in love with the son of a wealthy underwear manufacturer. But when his father sends him to Germany for a vacation, he shifts his infatuation to the Nazis. The political speeches and parliamentary debates inserted are so dull as to raise the suspicion that they have been lifted from Hansard. And though Gibbs is faithful enough to English political life to make his labor leader a vacillating humanist bereft of self-confidence, personal magnetism and a tenable program, and his Tories callous snobs

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who know what they want at their dinner tables but prefer the veiled fist in their public appearances—two platitudes can make a novel on only the hottest summer afternoons.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

Mussolini in the Making. *By Gaudens Megaro. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. 347 pages. $3.50.*

HERE is a study—at once scholarly and fascinating—of the Duce's early life and career. Mr. Megaro tells of the forces that shaped Mussolini's mind; of his vicissitudes as school teacher, emigrant, agitator, political prisoner, journalist and propagandist; of his meteoric rise to one of the highest posts in the Italian Socialist Party. The account is based largely on Mussolini's own writings of that period, most of which appeared in socialist newspapers. Because of the vigilance of the Fascist police, these documents are now almost inaccessible. In bringing them to light, Mr. Megaro has done an important service.

The Fascist biographers of Mussolini try to escape embarrassment over their hero's 'Red' background by pretending that he was always, even before the World War, an Italian patriot. Thus his expulsion from the Trentino in 1909 is attributed to his ardent Irredentism. Mr. Megaro explodes this cultivated myth of young Mussolini, the National Socialist.

The Mussolini who emerges from this record was a partisan of extreme revolutionary socialism and an impassioned foe of all the pillars of the traditional social order. He violently denounced almost everything that his own Fascism represents: militarism and war, colonial adventure, suppression of the labor movement, the absolutism of the State. It is interesting to recall that Pius XI's 'Man of Providence' formerly wrote scurrilous attacks upon the Church and its professions. Young Mussolini's anti-religious tirades made him a target of clerical newspapers, which labeled him 'thug,' 'clown' and 'desperado.' Wherever he moved, he was known to the police as a dangerous character who was to be 'adequately watched.' He glorified political assassination, desertion from the colors, the general strike—any and every form of direct action against the State and employers. And he was not above practising some of the ideas that he preached, as witness his arrests, deportations and jail sentences.

Indeed, Mussolini's views on patriotism, religion, parliamentary government and the tactics of revolution were far more extreme than those of most of his Socialist contemporaries. His advocacy of terror sometimes even appalled them. But his zeal and energy, his indifference to material rewards and his talents in journalism and politics impressed his colleagues and even endeared him to some. His well-informed, if not very original, mind awed the humble men for whom he seemed to be fighting. Never, apparently, was he suspected of being a careerist. Yet this was the man who would betray the cause to which he had sworn passionate allegiance.

Mussolini the Socialist, however, is fundamentally the same as Mussolini the Fascist. He has ever scorned the ideals and tactics of democracy, liberalism, humanitarianism. Always he has been an apologist of terror, so long as it can help win his objective. By such a man the forces of violence can as easily be used to crush as to promote the movement of the masses. For the core of Mussolini is an overwhelming urge to assert his own ego. 'Yes,' he once admitted, 'I am possessed by this mania. It inflames, gnaws and consumes me, like a physical malady. I want to make a mark on history with my will, like a lion with his claws.' To him life has meant above all else opportunity for self-realization in power over men.

The method of violence is always dangerous. It brutalizes those who practice it, and tempts them to use force to settle every issue. And it paves the road to tyranny, to absolute power for those who serve their own ambitions while protesting their devotion to the interests of the community.

—Carl T. Schmidt

The Post-War History of the British Working Class. *By Allen Hutt. New York: Coward-McCann Inc. 1937. 320 pages. $2.75.*

MR. HUTT'S volume, which has already gained wide attention and acclaim in his native land, now comes in a slightly Americanized version before the readers on this side of the Atlantic. He begins with the turbulent, almost revolutionary, atmosphere of the immediate post-War days and works his way, with a great wealth of illustrative detail, through labor's retreat in the twenties, through the great betrayal of 'thirty-one, and out to the revived militancy of the current unity

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campaign. Against these troubled developments stands the unruffled background of capitalist solidarity, the serried ranks of the hard-faced men, ready at a moment's notice to pool their own great resources and even readier to pull the levers which release the coercive pressure of the Government against labor. Labor has shown no such solidarity. Its story, says the author, reveals the ruinous cleavage between leaders and followers; the latter propelled by deep-rooted impulses and by experience towards revolutionary action, the former caught in the trammels of legalism, checked by prudential considerations, foundering in a timidity that more than once has become betrayal and treachery.

It is obvious that this is one view of the field, plotted from the angle of vision peculiar to the author and the militant Communist dissenters. It is obvious that not all workers in the ranks of labor can accept his strictures, or at least accept them without adding a few of their own concerning equally bad errors in judgment or tactics, equally missed opportunities, or equally bad faith on the part of the dissident groups whose outlook the author presents. Yet for all this lack of perspective, Mr. Hutt's analysis remains a distinct achievement, for he hammers away relentlessly at one great principle: that it is the business of a Socialist party to be Socialist. He presents a challenge that cannot be parried merely by retorting to the critics: 'And are your own hands so clean?'

—Leo Gershoy

Heredity and Politics. *By J. B. S. Haldane. New York: W. W. Norton Co. 1938. 202 pages. $2.50.*

Man the Slave and Master. *By Mark Graubard. New York: Covici, Friede. 1938. 354 pages. $3.50.*

GERMAN Fascism, by its unprincipled resort to so-called 'biological' arguments in its struggle for world power, has promoted the comparatively new science of Genetics to a key position in the greater struggle of Civilization versus Barbarism. These two books are the latest to expose the dangers of unscientific thinking on the root-question of Man and Society.

In the first a great British scientist, well known for his progressive ideas, examines the current fallacies of 'political' science as they affect biological principles: more especially the doctrines of human inequality and 'race.' His chief concern is to show, by a careful analysis of the relevant data from Genetics, that there is no necessary connection between biological fitness, 'racial' purity, and social or national supremacy.

In the first four chapters of his book, Professor Haldane reviews the principal facts of genetics as they bear upon the question of human heredity, constantly emphasizing the remarkable flexibility of the human organism, its capacity for variation under all sorts of conditions, and the danger of using the term 'innate' for any but the most clear-cut physical differences between individuals. It is unfortunate that he should be a little loose on the question of the inheritance of criminal tendencies in twins (Lange's thesis), but such lapses from scientific precision are more than compensated by his sturdy attack upon the entire structure of German 'race science,' and by his insistence that we pay more attention to economic and political forces in our attempts to construct the Good Society.

In the second book an American biologist of anti-Fascist convictions develops the same general theme, at much greater length and with a steady undertone of exhortation culminating in an appeal to all right-minded scientists to take the lead in saving us from chaos. Dr. Graubard has gathered together a vast amount of fascinating information, all of it presented with the definite intention of helping us to become masters of our own destiny.

—Harold Ward.

Children of the Rising Sun. *By Willard Price. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1938. 316 pages. $3.00.*

Japan in Transition. *By Emil Lederer and Emy Lederer-Seidler. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. 260 pages. $3.00.*

AS A GENERAL SURVEY of the present stage of Japanese expansion in Asia, *Children of the Rising Sun* is certainly of value. Mr. Price is clearly impressed by Japan's determination to get ahead. His effective communication of this reaction will arouse his readers to a new appreciation of the Far Eastern situation. The vivid narrative style, enlivened by personal experiences gleaned from four years of extensive travel throughout the Japanese Empire, gives the book a freshness

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and charm lacking in more objective studies. He shows us the Japanese, first at home, preparing themselves for the mastery of the East, then in Manchuria and Korea, where their control is already established, and finally in China and the South Pacific. After a brief glance at Japanese emigration to, and economic penetration of, the West, he concludes with a presentation of Japan's divine mission to save the world.

Mr. Price presents the thesis that foreign expansion is Japan's only solution of her pressing problems, fundamental of which is population, and that, moreover, this expansion is for the ultimate good of Asia. In doing so, he oversimplifies the case, and his book loses value as an analytical study in consequence. In his sympathetic portrayal of the farmer, Machida, he treats the agrarian problem as if it were merely one of per capita acreage, without taking into consideration such other aspects as high rental or inadequate banking facilities for farmers, both of which affect the purchasing power of the peasant. Again, he betrays a superficial understanding of Japanese industrialism which is hampered by survivals of feudalism; indeed, he omits any real discussion of the industrial situation. With regard to China he is too ready to fall back on the old picture of constant civil war and banditry, discounting the recent progress in unification, and assuming that any future progress there will be due largely to Japanese tutelage. In short, it would be a mistake to regard this book as a true analysis of the situation. Its real value lies rather in the effectiveness with which it brings home the reality of the problems and Japan's singleness of purpose in attacking them.

The Lederers have given us a much more searching analysis of Japan and her problems in *Japan in Transition*. They consider that the fundamental opposition of East and West prevents a real amalgamation of the two such as has been attributed to the Japanese. More than half the book is devoted to an exposition of the rigid artificiality of the traditional Japanese culture pattern which is capable of intensive rather than of extensive development. Evidences of its rigid formality are traced in religion, art, language and political life, and everywhere contrasted to the dynamic, continually changing quality of these in the West.

It is in the light of this opposition that the authors then deal with Japanese relations with the West, and show how Japan was forced in the nineteenth century to adopt Western military technique as a measure of self-defense, how she had to introduce industrialization as a necessary adjunct to the complex war machine, and finally, how this attempted assimilation of an alien culture has resulted in a struggle between the old and the new. The struggle increases in intensity as industrialism develops and threatens the feudal structure of relationships which, starting with family loyalties, culminates in the person of the Emperor. Personal ties, which characterize this relationship, have been carried over into industry, employers often assuming a paternal responsibility for the economic security of their employees. The Lederers feel, however, that with the increasing pressure of population and the need for greater efficiency the financial burdens involved in this system will prove to be too much for employers. Then, with the breakdown of this feudal survival, the workers, left to themselves, will be disillusioned in the whole social structure as it now exists, the spell of Imperial Divinity will be broken, and a new Japan will arise on a different basis.

The weakest part of the book is its treatment of Japanese foreign policy in Asia. The authors give merely a brief outline of the main facts of Japanese expansion without logically relating the militaristic policy to the determining economic factors which are so well summarized in the last chapter. Leaving this aside, the Lederers have made an important contribution. Their book explains many of the puzzling contradictions of a supposedly Westernized country, and reveals the true nature of Japan's dilemma.

— Arthur G. Henry

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WORLD TRADE

A GOOD offense, according to the old maxim, is the best defense, and Walther Funk, Dr. Schacht's successor as German Minister of Economics, has proceeded to take the offensive against foreign critics of Germany's commercial policies. Herr Funk is a man after the Nazi régime's own heart and infused a vast deal of praise for German management of economic, financial and commercial problems in his address at the Leipzig Fair, going so far as to recommend that foreign countries should adopt the German methods! It is nothing short of amazing to hear a solution for international trade problems proposed by the spokesman of a system which penalizes importers, subsidizes exporters, bureaucratically rations the raw materials of commercial industry in favor of non-productive armament industry, uses an intricate licensing system and an even more complicated currency system of at least fourteen different units, and trades largely by barter and blocked marks. There follows an excerpt from the London *Times* report of his address:—

> Foreign publicists agreed, he said, that the German economic system was absolutely healthy and proof against a crisis. The question therefore arose whether the German example could not be made useful for other countries and for the restoration of the still shattered international economic relations.
>
> The restoration of 'normal' international relations and the stabilization of currencies would not in any event be achieved by simply returning again to the old methods of free trade or most-favored-nation treatment and the gold standard, which had been fundamentally destroyed by the policy of those countries whose governments had shut their eyes to the fact that the new forces and methods in world policy must call forth new forces and methods in the world's economic system.

Germany is bound to play a tremendous rôle in international trade because of her industrial power and commercial efficiency. No real scheme to loosen the shackles of world trade, such as Mr. van Zeeland's, can succeed without German participation. The above statement by her Minister of Economics indicates that such participation is remote indeed.

CHARGES that the world markets are being 'flooded' by Japanese goods are greatly exaggerated, according to a report by Mr. Harold Butler, retiring as Director of the International Labor Office. Mr. Butler did not deny that world prices in the commodities in which Japanese export manufacturers specialize are, and have been, low. This fact he attributed to two reasons, neither of which justify the charge of dumping. They are Japan's low labor costs, occasioned by a large agricultural population with little purchasing power, and the depreciation of the yen. He believed that Japan's cheap textiles, rubber shoes and other inexpensive articles have brought great benefits to the native populations in the Netherland Indies, India and South America.

AMERICAN exporters and importers alike are deeply concerned over the reciprocal tariff agreement which is now being negotiated between the United States and Great Britain. Their attention might here be called to the recent book, *Our Trade with Britain: Bases for a Reciprocal Tariff Agreement*, published by the Council on Foreign Relations (45 East 65th Street, New York City). The author, Percy Wells Bidwell, was an economist of the United States Tariff Commission from 1922 to 1930. In preparing this study he was assisted by a distinguished committee of experts who are members of the Council on Foreign Relations. The book is priced at $1.50.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

OF MORE than usual interest to the organizations which are interested in international affairs and in the foreign policy of the United States is the June number of 'International Conciliation,' published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (405 West 117th Street, New York City). In it is a survey of *The United States and World Organization During 1937*, which is reprinted from the *Geneva Studies*, and a significant address by President George Norlin of the University of Colorado, 'Our National Defenses,' in which the educator attacks the present Neutrality Act and 'peace-at-any-price isolationists,' and supports Secretary Hull's proposal for 'parallel action' with the democracies, the withholding of raw materials for war from aggressors and, finally, active coöperation with the peace-loving peoples.

President Norlin's theme is not popular in the United States at present, but his argument that we should support democracy and peace, not by shrinking within ourselves, but by throwing the weight of our influence and power actively into the scales in behalf of like-minded peoples has seldom been stated more effectively. 'We fought and won and ran away,' he declares. 'We left the League of Nations, the child begotten of American aspirations, a foundling upon the doorstep of Europe; we crawled into our own skins and condemned the nations across the Atlantic, outworn, impoverished, their wounds still raw and bleeding, their hearts torn by rancor and hate, to "stew in their own juice;" and so we made the world safe, not for democracy, but for gangsterism. It is a marvel that the League of Nations, disowned by us, has lived as long as it has, without our support.'

QUITE opposed to President Norlin's views are the pacifist organizations, which hold that the quickest way to get into war is to prepare for war, and that, for America, peace lies most surely in isolation. Five of these organizations—the National Council for Prevention of War, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, World Peaceways and the Keep America Out of War Congress—on June 13th demanded that the Administration prevent the sale of 400 warplanes, most of them bombers, to Great Britain. The groups pointed out that Great Britain herself has bombed helpless women and children on the Northwest Frontier of India. America, they urged, should not provide the weapons for such crimes.

TWO informing reports on Soviet Russia: *Industry and Agriculture in the U.S.S.R.* and *Labor and Management in the U.S.S.R.* have been published by the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City). The author, Vera Micheles Dean, Research Director of the Association, shows that the vexing problems of 'Labor and Management' are not confined to the capitalist democracies but are also to be found under the Soviet system of planned economy. The reports are priced at 25 cents.

THE views of 418 prominent American writers on the struggle in Spain have been published in pamphlet form by the League of American Writers (381 Fourth Avenue, New York City). The symposium was unrestricted since all the outstanding writers of the nation were invited to participate. Analysis reveals that 410 writers sympathized with the Loyalists, 7 were neutral and 1 (Miss Gertrude Atherton) held with Franco. All of them give the grounds for their position. *Writers Take Sides* can be obtained from the League (15¢).

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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

THE Nuremberg Racial Laws, decreed in 1935, have laid down strict rules regarding intermarriage between Germans and Jews. These laws are now enforced in Austria and in Danzig as well as in the Reich proper. [p. 415]

M. Y. BEN-GAVRIEL, known to our readers as a keen reporter of Near Eastern conditions, writes a humorous little story in the style of Mark Twain about a Palestinian ne'er-do-well and his disastrous ambition to be a farmer. [p. 416]

IN THE article 'Outlook for Empire,' Major J. S. Barnes declares that imperialism is not at all outmoded, but only its 19th century form. If Great Britain expects to hold her Empire, for example, she must get back to the Roman tradition of firmness and benevolence, without encouraging subject peoples to expect freedom which she does not intend to grant. The author is a member of the Strachey family, a Papal Chamberlain and an honorary member of the Italian Fascist Party. [p. 427]

IN ALL the parts of the Arab world which remain under foreign control there has been an insistent demand for autonomy. But it is in Palestine and Tunis that violence has been resorted to more often than anywhere else. The situation in these countries is described in the group entitled 'On the Arab Front,' by observers on the spot. Georges Meyer, correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, writes of the campaign of terror in Palestine which the former Mufti of Jerusalem is waging against the Jews and the British from his headquarters across the Syrian frontier. [p. 434] Elizabeth Monroe, an English newspaperwoman, explains the reasons for Arab unrest and riots in Tunis and appraises the Italian threat to this French colony. [p. 437]

POLITICAL persecution, war and civil strife are today bringing untold misery to hundreds of thousands of non-combatant women and children, who have been forced to leave their homes and seek havens elsewhere. In 'Refuge in Limbo,' Louis Guilloux, outstanding French author of *Sang Noir* (reviewed in THE LIVING AGE, March, 1936) gives a heart-rending account of a Spanish refugee camp in France. Guilloux is especially bitter about the indifference and inefficiency of his countrymen in dealing with the refugee problem. [p. 440]

IN THIS month's 'Miscellany,' a well known British humorist writes a spirited essay in defense of smoking, which he considers the most cheerful 'Of Human Pleasures' [p. 446]; we learn how the United States gets the chicle which is used in manufacturing its chewing gum [p. 448]; and Jolán Földes, the author of *The Street of the Fishing Cat*, has a brief 'Respite from Reality' as she sails on a trip to the Orient. [p. 450]

THIS month's 'Persons' are Paul Henri Spaak, the latest Premier of Belgium and the youngest in Europe [p. 420]; the scholar and poet, Douglas Hyde, who recently became 'Eire's First President' [p. 422]; and the martyred Carl von Ossietzky, seen for the last time before his death by two Norwegian friends. [p. 425]

IN OUR 'Letters and the Arts' department this month, Jacques de Lacretelle, author of *Les Hauts Points* and a member of the French Academy, writes about the contribution Symbolism has made to our present-day culture [p. 453]; and we learn of Djambul, the renowned bard of Kazakstan, who has been given the Order of Lenin. [p. 455]

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